The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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MISCELLANY.

HOPE.

Hope, frail but lovely shadow! thou dost come
Like a bright vision on our pathway here,
Making the gloomy future beautiful,
And gilding our horizon with a light,
The fairest human eye can ever know.—
Fav'rite of heaven! 'twas thine to pledge the cup
Of Pleasure's sparkling waters undefil'd;
But, oh! the draught was fleeting! scarce thy lip
Touch'd the clear nectar ere 'twas vanished.
The soul of youth confides in thee; thy voice
Is love's own halcyon music; it is thine
To colour every dream of happiness.
I've pictur'd thine a soft ethereal form,
Like to some light creation of the clouds—
Some bright aerial wonder; o'er thy cheek
The rose has shed its beauty; on thy brow,
The golden clusters play, enwreath'd with flowers,
Gay with a thousand transitory hues;
The rainbow tints are gleaming in thy wings;
Thy laughing eyes are blue—not the deep shade
Worn by the melancholy violet,
But the clear sunny blue of summer skies;
And in thy hand a glass, wherein the eye
May gaze on many a wonder—all is there
That heart can pant for; many a glorious dream
Meets the rapt sight, no sooner seen than gone.
False as thou art, O most illusive Hope!
Reproach is not for thee: what, tho' the flowers
Which thou dost scatter o'er our pilgrimage,
Are evanescent, yet they are most sweet.
Who would not revel in thy witchery,
Tho' all too soon the spell will be dissolved!
The moments of thy reign are bless'd indeed;
They are the purest pleasures life can boast—
Reality is sadness.

Miss Landon's "Fate of Adelaide, &c."

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

CAPUCHIN ESTIMATE OF TRUE ENJOYMENT.—Our travellers had been recommended to the friars of San Fernando, who superintend the missions of the Chayma Indians, by their syndic at Cumana, and the superior, a corpulent and jolly old capuchin, received them with kindness. This respectable personage, seated the greater part of the day in an arm-chair, complained bitterly of the indolence of his countrymen. He considered the pursuits of the travellers' as useless, smiled at the sight of their instruments and dried plants, and maintained that of all the enjoyments of life, without excepting sleep, none could be compared with the pleasure of eating good beef.—*Humboldt's Researches.*

STATE OF THE SCIENCES AT MEKKA.—The Mekkawys study little besides the language and the law. Music, in general so passionately loved among the Arabs, is less practised at Mekka than in Syria and Egypt. The astronomer of the mosque learns to know the exact time of the Sun's passing the meridian, and occupies himself occasionally with astrology and horoscopes. A Persian doctor, the only avowed medical professor, I saw at Mekka, deals in nothing but miraculous balsams and infallible elixirs; his potions are all sweet and agreeable; and the musk and aloe-wood which he burns, diffuse through his shop a delicious odour, which has contributed to establish his reputation.

Burckhardt's Travels in Arabia.

INDIAN CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.—The Indian first broke a hole in the ice sufficiently large enough to admit us both, upon which he made a signal that all was ready. Enveloped in a large buffalo robe, I proceeded to to the spot, and throwing off my covering, we both jumped into the frigid orifice together. He immediately commenced rubbing my shoulders, back, and loins: my hair, in the meantime, became ornamented with icicles; and while the lower joints were undergoing their friction, my face, neck, and shoulders were incased in a thin covering of ice. On getting released, I rolled a blanket about me, and ran back to the bed-room, in which I had previously ordered a good fire, and in a few minutes I experienced a warm glow all over my body. Chilling and disagreeable as these matinal ablutions were, yet, as I found them so beneficial, I continued them for twenty-five days, at the expiration of which my physician was pleased to say that no more were necessary, and that I had done my duty like a wise man. I was never after troubled with a rheumatic pain.

Cox's Travels on Columbia River.

FAIRIES.

Race of the rainbow wing, the deep blue eye,
Whose palace was the bosom of a flower;
Who rode upon the breathing of a rose;
Drank from the harebell; made the moon the queen
Of their gay revels; and whose trumpets were
The pink-veined honey-suckle; and who rode
Upon the summer butterfly; who slept
Lulled in the sweetness of the violet's leaves,—
Where are ye now?—And ye of eastern tale,
With your bright palaces, your emerald halls
Gardens whose fountains were of liquid gold;
Trees with their ruby fruit and silver leaves,
Where are ye now? L. E. L.

THE GERMAN LANGUAGE.—It is in the latter part of the seventeenth and the first half of the eighteenth century, that we find the German language really degraded; in which state it lingered on till the middle of the last century, when it was roused from its torpor by Lessing, Klopstock, and others, who soon spread new life through the literary world of Germany; and at the close of the eighteenth century we find the language expanding in renovated strength and beauty. Native poets and philosopher's polished and enlarged it; many old genuine German words were restored, and new ones, which had neither gained nor deserved the right of denizenship, expelled for ever. The nation at large supported these exertions of their great men, and rewarded them with general applause and profound respect. The German language no longer appears in that motley garb which so ill became its grave majestic character; its wants are supplied from its own inexhaustible stores, which historical inquirers have laid open. The immeasurable empire of ideas and perceptions is equalled by the boundless treasures of the German language; and the native author, who seeks there, will have no need of borrowed expressions from any foreign language.

Prof. Von Muhlenfel's Int. Lect. Lond. Univ.

AQUATIC CONVERZATIONES AT CUMANA.—M. Humboldt and his friend frequented every evening a very respectable society in the suburb of the Guayquerias. In the beautiful moonlight, chairs were placed in the water, on which were seated the ladies and gentleman, lightly clothed. The family and the strangers passed several hours in the river, smoking cigars and chatting on the usual subjects, such as the extreme drought, the abundance of rain in the neighbouring districts, and the female luxury which prevails in Caraccas and Havana. The company were not disturbed by the *bavas*, or small crocodiles, which are only three or four feet long, and are now extremely rare, but the dolphins would sometimes ascend the Manzanares at night, and frighten the bathers by spouting water from their nostrils.

Travels and Researches of Von Humboldt.

AROMA OF FLOWERS, PLANTS, &c.—The fragrance of a garden, particularly in August, is delightful, from the combination of both fruits and flowers. It is said that the fragrance of flowers depends on the volatile oils they contain; and these oils, by their constant evaporation, surround the flower with a kind of odorous atmosphere, which, at the same time that it entices larger insects, may, probably, preserve the parts of fructification from the ravages of the smaller ones.—Volatile oils, or odorous substances, seem particularly destructive to minute insects and animalcules which feed on the substance of vegetables; thousands of aphides may be usually seen on the stalk and leaves of the rose, but none of them are ever observed on the flower. Camphor is used to preserve the collections of naturalists. The woods which contain aromatic oils are remarked for their indestructibility, and for their exemption from the attack of insects; this is particularly the case, with the cedar, rosewood, and cypress. The gates of Constantinople, which were made of this last wood, stood entire from the time of Constantine, their founder, to that of Pope Eugene IV., a period of eleven hundred years.

Time's Telescope.

TIME.

The chariot of the hour
Is rolling onwards,—over kings and slaves
Passionate spirits, and the crimson flower
Of love, which Hermes' magic never saves,—
Over rebellions and the gloom of graves,—
Through light and darkness, and the eternal woe
Of life,—to regions which no thought may know.

Older than ruin, or the dust that hides
Persepolis or Balbec, and yet fair
Like early manhood, the great Phantom rides
(Time or the Hour) above us:—Where, O where?
Thro' Hell, and Heaven, in Earth, and the wide Air;
Invisibly he goes, and without sound,
Like Death, a tyrant,—shapeless but uncrowned.
He passes:—Oh! not all the suns that shine,
Not all the Autumn floods nor Winter's rain,
Not all that poets tell off, though divine,
Shall clear thy annals of so foul a stain.
He passes, and is gone.

Barry Cornwall's "Girl of Provence."

GRAND CAIRO.—Cairo is situated on the base of considerable hills, whose origin cannot be accounted for, but which are undoubtedly artificial. They are formed by the ruins and the rubbish of centuries.—When I witness these extraordinary formations, which are not uncommon in the neighbourhood of Eastern cities, I am impressed with the idea of the immense antiquity of oriental society.

There is a charm about Cairo, and it is this—that it is a capital in a desert. In one moment you are in the stream of existence, and in the other in boundless solitude, or, which is still more awful, the silence of tombs. I speak of the sepulchres of the Mamlouk sultans without the city. They form what may indeed be stiled a city of the dead, an immense Necropolis, full of exquisite buildings, domes covered with fret-work, and minarets carved and moulded with rich and elegant fancy. To me, they proved much more interesting than the far-famed Pyramids, although their cones in the distance are indeed sublime,—their gray cones soaring in the light blue sky.

The genius that has raised the tombs of the sultans, may also be traced in many of the mosques of the city—splendid specimens of Saracenic architecture. In gazing upon these brilliant creations, and also upon those of ancient Egypt, I have often been struck by the felicitous system which they display, of ever forming the external ornaments by inscriptions. How far excelling the Grecian and Gothic methods! Instead of a cornice, of flowers, or any entablature of unmeaning fancy, how superior to be reminded of the Creator, or the necessity of government, the deeds of conquerers, or the discoveries of arts!

Contarini Fleming.

MADNESS.

Lo! Madness like a sun o'erclad with blood,
Weltering and burning in the misty sky,
Fights with the air, and from his furious eye,
Throws flashes full of meaning, and a flood
Of thoughts too fearful to be understood,
Yet doubly dreadful in their mystery
Flows from his features, while with many a sigh,
He mutters to himself, or to the brood
Of embryo friends who clustering 'round his heart
In shape of scorpions, nestle in his veins;
And stung to faintnes, till each keener smart
Spurs up his howling spirit: in his chains
Foaming and blind, his pinioned head he shakes,
The locks which crest his brow writhing like boiling snakes.

NICHOLAS LA FEVRE.—This philosopher was appointed by Charles II. superintendent over the royal laboratory at St. James's. he was also a member of the Royal Society, and the friend of Boyle, to whom he communicated the secret of infusing young blood into old veins, with a notion that he could renovate that which admits of no second creation.

Curios Lit. Second Series.

MURAT'S RETREAT FROM NAPLES.

On the evening that saw the departure of Joachim from the walls of Naples, which he was destined never again to behold, he ordered the publication of a constitution, dated six weeks before; and at the moment he was entering the carriage of one of his attendants, for the purpose of secret escape, Madame Murat was gravely announcing to his confidential friends and advisers his determination to collect a few scattered troops still left in the capital, and make one last effort to arrest the progress of the enemy. When, a fortnight previous to this, the defeat of the Neapolitan troops at Macerata was already known in the metropolis, a bulletin, said to have been written with a pencil by Murat's own hand on the field of battle, announced a complete victory, and the capture of several pieces of cannon.

At the time that the Austrians were already in full march towards Naples, the queen regent, as she was called, received the civic guard with extraordinary grace and spirit, and assured them that a few more days would liberate them from all the hardships and dangers attached to the discharge of their functions; and the last minutes she passed in the palace were employed in graciously requesting some favorites to attend her breakfast the following morning, an injunction which was followed by her immediate removal to the ship, from which she never again stepped on the Neapolitan shore. The aspect presented by the interior of the royal residence on this day was as extraordinary as it was novel to a spectator accustomed to see it only in its gala trim. The courts were full of servants tumultuously demanding the arrears of their wages, and taking earnest of future payment in the seizure of the horses belonging to the establishment. The long corridors and galleries, untenanted by guards and liveried menials, presented no obstacles to the few visitors whom interest or curiosity attracted towards the closing scene of this drama. The kingly apartment itself still adorned with the ponderous spoils of Herculaneum and Pompeii, relieved by Lyons embroidery and India muslins, was obstructed by large packing-cases, and its mosaic pavements soiled by the dirty footsteps of porters and carriers, and strewed with wisps of hay or paper shavings. The ladies in waiting, accoutred in the usual costly garb of attendance, were gnawing a few chicken bones, the scanty remains of the day's single meal; and, lastly, the indefatigable occupier of the tenement, decked out in all the elegance and *recherche* of the last Paris fashions, and preserving the careless smile of assumed complacency, strangely contrasted with the haggard eyes and care-worn cheeks, was variously employed in packing up jewels, distributing money, dictating letters, and receiving or dismissing visitors with all the minute distinction of courtly etiquette.—

Hon. Keppel Craven's Tour in Southern Naples.

LA FONDERIA AT FLORENCE.

"Mixing together profit and delight."

A ring at the bell of one of the lateral entrances to the convent, brings a little lay-brother to the door, a "fraticino," or priestling-page, ten or twelve years old, full of grace and agility; who conducts the customers to the *magazzino* or shop, through a suite of handsome apartments, where crucifixes and madonnas, china vases, and or-molu ornaments, strangely mingle the sacred and profane. The *magazzino* is a spacious and elegant room, commanding a view of the garden, cloisters, and interior of the convent. It is lined with glass cases,—"a wilderness of sweets," where cordial waters and aromatic conserves vie with cosmetics and perfumes, and where Japis and Hygeia hold divided sway with Aglaia and Euphrosyne; while Venus, couched in a car of roses, looks down upon her frocked and cowled servitors, and smiles at convent vows, as Jupiter is said to laugh at the perjuries of lovers. Here is no "beggarly account of empty boxes,"—no "alligator stuffed." Here every thing is intoxicating to the smell, and elegant to the eye—essences to perfume—dentifrices to purify—prayer-books that turn out to be pincushions—and missals made into dressing boxes. But what of all is the most curious and amusing, is the monk himself, or lay-brother, "sober, steadfast, and demure," who presides at the counter of this "nest of spicery." His cowled head, his robe, rope, and rosary, contrast strikingly with his worldly office; and he weighs out his powder, measures his essence of violets, presents his bill, and takes his money, with the same solemn and mortified air with which he would give a "*benedicite*," or pronounce a penance; never for a moment forgetting his *trade*, in the exercise of his *profession*.—*Lady Morgan's Italy.*

LIFE AMONG THE FRENCH.
CAPTIVITY AT HAMBURGH.
(Concluded.)

We rattled along, until we came up to the French trenches, where, round a large fire, kindled in what seemed to have been a farm-yard, were assembled about fifty or sixty French soldiers. Their arms were piled under a low projecting roof of an out-house, while the fire flickered upon their dark figures, and glanced on their bright accoutrements, and lit up the wall of the house that opposed one side of the square. I was immediately marched between a line of men, into a small room on the ground floor, where the commanding officer of the detachment was seated at a table, a blazing wood-fire roaring in the chimney. He was a genteel, slender, dark man, with very large black moustaches, and fine sparkling black eyes, and had apparently just dismounted, for the mud was dried on his boots and trowsers. The latter were blue, with a broad gold lace down the seam, and fastened by a strap under his boot, from which projected a long fixed spur——

'Nothing very remarkable in all this,' said Mr. Fang.

'Possibly not, my dear sir,' I replied; 'but to me it was remarkable as an unusual dress for a *militaire*, the British army being, at the time I write of, still in the age of breeches and gaiters or tall boots, long cues and pipeclay—that is, those troops which I had seen at home, although I believe the great Duke had already relaxed a number of these absurdities in Spain.'

His single-breasted coat was buttoned close up to his throat, and without an inch of lace except on his crimson collar, which fitted close round his neck, and was richly embroidered with broad acorn and oak leaves, as were the crimson cuffs to his sleeves. He wore two immense and very handsome gold epaulets.

'My good boy,' said he, after the officer who had captured me had told his story—'so your Government thinks the Emperor is retreating from the Elbe?'

I was a tolerable French scholar, as times went, and answered him as well as I could.

'I have said nothing about that, sir; but, from your question, I presume you command the rear-guard, Colonel?'

'How strong is your squadron the river?' said he, parrying the question.

'There is only one sloop of war, sir'—and I spoke the truth.

He looked at me, and smiled incredulously: and then continued—

'I don't command the *rear*-guard, sir'—but I waste time—*are* the boats ready?'

He was answered in the affirmative.

'Then set fire to the houses, and let off the rockets; they will see them at Cuxhaven—men, tall in—march'—and off we all trundled towards the river again.

[They embarked in boats.]

When the morning broke, we were close to the beautiful bank below Altona. The trees were beginning to assume the russet hue of autumn, and the sun shone gaily on the pretty villas and *bloomin gardens* on the hill side, while here and there a Chinese pagoda, or other fanciful pleasure-house, with its gilded trellised work, and little bells depending from the eaves of its many roofs, glancing like small golden balls, rose from out the fast thinning recesses of the woods. But there was no life in the scene—'twas 'Greece, but living Greece no more,'—not a fishing-boat was near, scarcely a solitary figure crawled along the beach. * * *

We pushed on, and as the clocks were striking twelve, we were abreast of the strong beams that were clamped together with iron, and constituted the boom or chief water defence of Hamburgh. We passed through, and found an entire regiment under arms, close by the Custom-house. Somehow or other, I had drank deep of that John Bull prejudice, which delights to disparage the physical conformation of our Gallic neighbours, and hugs itself with the absurd notion, 'that on one pair of English legs doth march three Frenchmen.' But when I saw the weather beaten, soldier-like veterans, who formed this compact battalion, part of the *elite* of the first *corps*, commanding in its aspect from severe service having worn all the gilding and lace away—'there was not a piece of feather in the host'—I felt the reality before me fast overcoming my preconceived opinion. I had seldom or never seen so fine a body of men, tall, square, and muscular, the spread of their shoulders set off from their large red worsted epaulets, and the solidity of the mass increased by their wide trowsers, which in my mind contrasted advantageously with the long gaiters and tight integuments of our own brave fellows.

We approached a group of three mounted officers, and in a few words the officer, whose prisoner I was, explained the affair to the *chef de bataillon*, whereupon I was immediately placed under the care of a sergeant and six rank and file, and marched along the chief canal for a mile. * * * * *

At length we came to the open space on the Alster, a large parade, faced by a street of splendid houses on the left hand, with a row of trees between them, and the water on the right. There were two regiments of foot bivouacking here, with their arms piled under the trees, while the men were variously employed, some on duty before the houses, others cleaning their accoutrements, and others again playing at all kinds of games. Presently we came to a crowd of soldiers clustered round a particular spot, some laughing, others cracking coarse jests, but none at all in the least serious. We could not get near enough to see distinctly what was going on; but we afterwards saw, when the crowd had dispersed, three men in the dress of respectable burghers, hanging from a low gibbet,—so low in fact, that although their heads were not six inches from the beam, their feet were scarcely three from the ground. We soon arrived at the door of a large mansion, fronting this parade, where two sentries were walking backwards and forwards before the door, while five dragoon horses, linked together, stood in the middle of the street, with one soldier attending them, but there was no other particular bustle, to mark the head quarters of the General commanding. We advanced to the entrance—the sentries carrying arms, and were immediately ushered into a large saloon, the massive stair winding up along the walls, with the usual heavy wooden balustrade. We ascended to the first floor, where we were encountered by three aides de camp, in full dress, leaning with their backs against the hard-wood railing, laughing and joking with each other, while two wall lamps right opposite cast a bright flashing light on their splendid uniforms. They were all *decore* with one order or another. We approached

'Whence, and who have we here?' said one of them, a handsome young man, apparently not above twenty two, as I judged, with small tiny black jet moustaches, and a noble countenance; fine dark eyes and curls dark and clustering.

The officer of my escort answered, 'A young Englishman—*enseigne de vaisseau*.'

I was no such thing, as a poor middy has no commission, but only his rating, which even his captain, without a court-martial, can take away at any time, and turn him before the mast.

At this moment, I heard the clang of a sabre, and the jingle of spurs on the stairs, and the group was joined by my captor, Colonel * * *.

'Ah, colonel!' exclaimed the aides, in a volley, 'where the devil have you come from? We thought you were in Bruxelles at the nearest.'

The colonel put his hand on his lips and smiled, and then slapped the young officer who spoke first with his glove. 'Never mind, I have come to help you *here*—you will need help before long;—but how is ——?' Here he made a comical contortion of his face, and drew his ungloved hand across his throat. The young officers laughed, and pointed to the door. He moved towards it, preceded by the youngest of them, who led the way into a very lofty and handsome room, elegantly furnished, with some fine pictures on the walls, a handsome sideboard of plate, a rich Turkey carpet—an unusual thing in Germany—on the floor, and a richly gilt pillar, at the end of the room farthest from us, the base of which contained a stove, which through the joints of the door of it, appeared to be burning cheerily.

There were some very handsome sofas and ottomans scattered through the room, and a grand piano in one corner, the furniture being covered with yellow, or amber-coloured velvet, with broad, heavy draperies of gold fringe, like the bullion of an epaulette. There was a small round table near the stove, on which stood a silver candlestick, with four branches filled with wax tapers; and bottles of wine, and glasses.—At this table sat an officer, apparently about forty-five years of age. There was nothing very peculiar in his appearance; he was a middle sized man, well made apparently. He sat on one chair, with his legs supported on another.

'All very natural,' again said our friend Aaron.

His white-topped boots had been taken off, and replaced by a pair of slipshod slippers; his splashed white kerseymere pantaloons, seamed with gold, resting on the untrayed velvet cushion; his blue coat, covered with rich embroidery at the bosom and collar, was open, and the lappels thrown back, displaying a richly embroidered crimson velvet facing, and an embroidered scarlet waistcoat; a large solitary star glittered on his breast, and the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour sparkled at his button-hole; his black neckerchief had been taken off; and his cocked hat lay beside him on a sofa, massively laced, the edges richly ornamented with ostrich down; his head was covered with a red velvet cap, with a thick gold cord twisted two or three turns round it, and ending in two large tassels of heavy bullion; he wore very large epaulets, and his sword had been inadvertently, as I conjectured, placed on the table, so that the point of the steel scabbard rested on the ornamental part of the metal stove. * * * *

There was an expression about the upper lip and mouth that I did not like—a constant nervous sort of lifting of the lip as it were; and as the mustache appeared to have been recently shaven off, there was a white blueness on the upper lip, that contrasted unpleasantly with the dark tinge which he had gallantly wrought for on the glowing sands of Egypt, the bronzing of his general features from fierce suns and parching winds. His bare neck and hands were delicately fair, the former firm and muscular, the latter slender and tapering, like a woman's. He was reading a gazette, or some printed paper, when we entered; and although there was a tolerable clatter of muskets, sabres, and spurs, he never once lifted his eye in the direction where we stood. Opposite this personage on a low chair, with his legs crossed, and eyes fixed on the ashes that were dropping from the stove, with his brown cloak hanging from his shoulders, sat a short stout personage, a man about thirty years of age, with very fair flaxen hair, a florid complexion, a very fair skin, and massive German features. The expression of his face, so far as such a countenance could be said to have any characteristic expression, was that of fixed sorrow. But before I could make any other observation, the aide-de-camp approached with a good spice of fear and trembling, as I could see.

'Colonel * * * to wait on your Highness.'

'Ah!' said the officer to whom he spoke, 'ah, colonel, what do you here? Has the Emperor advanced again?'

'No,' said the officer, 'he has not advanced; but the rear-guard were cut off by the Prussians, and the —— light, with the —— grenadiers, are now in Cuxhaven.'

'Well,' replied the general, 'but how come you here?'

'Why, Marshal, we were detached to seize a depot of provisions in a neighbouring village, and had made preparations to carry them off, when we were attacked through a gap in the dyke, by some armed boats from an English squadron, and hearing a distant firing at the very moment, which I concluded to be the Prussian advance, I conceived all chance of rejoining the main army at an end, and therefore I shoved off in the grain boats, and *here* I am.'

'Glad to see you, however,' said the general, 'but sorry for the cause why you are here returned—Who have we got here—what boy is that?'

'Why,' responded the colonel, 'that lad is one of the British officers of the force that attacked us.'

'Ha,' said the general again,—'how did you capture him?'

'The boat (one of four) which he was in was blown to pieces by a six pound shot. He was the only one of the enemy who swam ashore. The rest, I am inclined to think, were picked up by the other boats.'

'So,' grumbled the general, 'British ships in the Elbe?'

'The colonel continued. 'I hope, Marshal, you will allow him his parole?—he is, you see, quite a child.'

'Parole!' replied the Marshal,—'parole!—such a mere lad cannot know the value of his promise.'

A sudden fit of rashness come over me. I could never account for it.

'He is a mere boy,' reiterated the Marshal. 'No, no—send him to prison;' and he resumed the study of the printed paper he had been reading.

I struck in, impelled by despair, for I knew the character of the man before whom I stood, and I remembered that even a tiger might be checked by a bold front—'I *am* an Englishman, sir, and incapable of breaking my plighted word.'

He laid down the paper he was reading, and slowly lifted his eyes, and fastened them on me,—'Ha,' said he, 'ha—so young—so reckless?'

'Never mind him, Marshal,' said the colonel. 'If you will grant him his parole, I ——'

'Take it, colonel—take it—take his parole, not to go beyond the ditch.'

'But I decline to give any such promise,' said I, with a hardihood which at the time surprised me, and has always done so.

'Why, my good youth,' said the general, in great surprise, 'why will you not take advantage of the offer—a kinder one, let me tell you, than I am in the habit of making to an enemy?'

'Simply, sir, because I will endeavour to escape on the very first opportunity.'

'Ha!' said the Marshal once more, 'this to my face? Lafontaine,'—to the aide-de-camp,—'a file of soldiers.' The handsome young officer hesitated—hung in the wind, as we say, for a moment—moved, as I imagined, by my extreme youth. This irritated the Marshal—he rose, and stamped on the floor. The colonel essayed to interfere. 'Sentry—sentry—a file of grenadiers—take him forth, and'——here he energetically clutched the steel hilt of his sword, and instantly dashed it from him—'*Sacre!*—the devil—what is that?' and straightway he began to *pirouette* on one leg round the room, shaking his right hand, and blowing his fingers.

The officers in waiting could not stand it any longer, and burst into a fit of laughter, in which their commanding officer, after an unavailing attempt to look serious—I should rather write fierce—joined, and there he was, the bloody Davoust—Duke of Auerstad—Prince of Eckmuhl—the Hamburgh Robespierre—the terrible Davoust—dancing all around the room, in a regular *guffaw*, like to split his sides. The heated stove had made the sword, which rested on it, nearly red-hot.

All this while the quiet, plain-looking, little man sat still. He now rose; but I noticed that he had been fixing his eyes intently on me. I thought I could perceive a tear glistening in them as he spoke.

'Marshal, will you intrust that boy to me?'

'Poo,' said the Prince, still laughing, 'take him—do what you will with him;—then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, 'But, Mr ***, *you* must be answerable for him—he must be at hand if I want him.'

The gentleman who had so unexpectedly patronized me, rose and said, 'Marshal, I promise.'

'Very well,' said Davoust. 'Lafontaine, desire supper to be sent up.'

It was brought *in*, and my new ally and I were shewn *out*.

As we went down stairs, we looked into a room on the ground floor, at the door of which were four soldiers with fixed bayonets. We there saw, for it was well lit up, about twenty or five and twenty respectable-looking men, very English in appearance, all to their long cloaks, an unusual sort of garment to my eye at that time. The night was very wet, and the aforesaid garments were hung on pegs in the wall all round the room, which being strongly heated by a stove, the moisture rose up in a thick mist, and made the faces of the burghers indistinct.

They were all busily engaged talking to each other, some to his neighbor, the other across the table, but all with an expression of the most intense anxiety.

'Who are these?' said I to my guide.

'Ask no questions *here*,' said he, and we passed on.

I afterwards learned that they were the hostages seized on for the trifling contribution of fifty millions of francs, which had been imposed on the doomed city, and that this very night they had been torn from their families, and cooped up in the way I had seen them, where they were advertised they must remain until the money should be forthcoming.

As we walked along the streets, and crossed the numerous bridges of the canals and branches of the river, we found all the houses lit up, by order, as I learned, of the French marshal. The rain descended in torrents, sparkling past the lights, while the city was a desert, with one dreadful exception; for we were waylaid at almost every turn by groups of starving lunatics, their half naked figures and pale visages glimmering in the glancing lights, under the dripping rain; and, had it not been for the numerous sentries scattered along the thoroughfares, I believe we should have been torn to pieces by bands of *moping* idiots, now rendered ferocious from their sufferings, in consequence of the madhouses having been cleared of their miserable, helpless inmates, in order to be converted into barracks for the troops. At all of these bridges sentries were posted, past which my conductor and myself, to my surprise, were franked, by the sergeant who accompanied us giving the countersign. At length, civilly touching his cap, although he did not refuse the piece of money tendered by my *friend*, he left us, wishing us good night, and saying the coast was clear. We proceeded without farther challenge, until we came to a very magnificent house, with some fine trees before it. We approached the door, and rung the door bell. It was immediately opened, and we entered a large desolate-looking vestibule, about thirty feet square, filled in the centre with a number of bales of goods, and a variety of merchandise, while a heavy wooden stair, with clumsy oak balustrades, wound round the sides of it. We ascended, and turning to the right, entered a large well-furnished room, with a table laid out for supper, with lights, and a comfortable stove at one end. Three young officers of cuirassiers, in their superb uniforms, whose breast and back pieces were glittering on a neighbouring sofa, and a colonel of artillery, were standing round the stove. The colonel, the moment we entered, addressed my conductor.

'Ah, ——, we are devilish hungry, and were just on the point of ordering in the provender, had you not appeared.' A little more than that, thought I—for the food was already smoking on the table.

Mine host acknowledged the speech with a slight smile.

'But who have we here?' said one of the young dragoons; he waited a moment—'*Etes vous Francais?*' I gave him no answer. He then addressed me in German.

'Why,' chimed in my conductor, 'he does speak a little French, indifferently enough; but still'——

'Well, my dear ——, how have you sped with the Prince?'

'Why colonel, said my protector, in his cool calm way, 'as well as I expected. I was of some service to him when he was here before, at the time he was taken so very ill, and he has not forgotten it, so I am not included amongst the unfortunate *detenus* for the payment of the fine. But that is not all for I am allowed to go to-morrow to my father's and here is my passport.

'Wonders will never cease,' said the colonel; 'but who is that boy?'

'He is one the crew of the English boat which tried to cut off Colonel —— the other evening, near Cuxhaven. His life was saved by a very laughable circumstance certainly,—merely by the marshal's sword, from resting on the stove, having become almost red-hot.' And here he detailed the whole transaction as it took place, which set the the party a-laughing most heartily.

I will always bear witness to the extreme amenity with which I was now treated by the French officers. The evening passed over quickly. About eleven we retired to rest, my friend furnishing me with clothes, and warning me that next morning he would call me at daylight to proceed to his father's country seat, where he intimated that I must remain in the meantime.

Next morning I was roused accordingly, and a long, low, open carriage rattled up to the door, just before day dawn. Presently the *reveill* was beaten, and answered by the different posts in the city, and on the ramparts.

We drove on, merely shewing our passport to the sentries at the different bridges, until we reached the gate, where we had to pull up until the officer on duty appeared, and had scrupulously compared our personal appearance with the written description. All was found correct, and we drove on. It surprised me very much, after having repeatedly heard of the great strength of Hamburgh, to look out on the large mound of green turf that constituted its chief defence. It is all true that there was a deep ditch and glacis beyond; but there was no covered way, and both the scarp and counterscarp were simple earthen embankments, so that, had the ditch been filled up with fascines, there was no wall to face the attacking force after crossing it, nothing but a green mound, precipitous enough, certainly, and crowned with a low parapet wall of masonry, and bristling with batteries about half way down, so that the muzzles of the guns were flush with the neighbouring country beyond the ditch. Still there was wanting, to my imagination, the strength of the high perpendicular wall, with its gaping embrazures, and frowning cannon. All this time it never

occurred to me that to breach such a defence as that we looked upon was impossible. You might have plumped your shot into until you had converted it into an iron mine, but no chasm could have been forced in it by all the artillery in Europe, so battering in breach was entirely out of the question, and this, in truth constituted the great strength of the place. We arrived, after an hour's drive, at the villa belonging to my protector's family, and walked into a large room, with a comfortable stove, and extensive preparations for a comfortable breakfast.

Presently three young ladies appeared; they were his sisters; blue eyed, fair haired, white skinned, round stomached, plump little partridges.

'*Haben sie gefruhstucht?*' said the eldest.

'*Pas encore*,' said he in French, with a smile. 'But, sisters, I have brought a stranger here, a young English officer, who was recently captured in the river.'

'An English officer!' exclaimed the three ladies looking at me, a poor little dirty midshipman, in my soiled linen, unbrushed shoes, dirty trowsers and jacket, with my little square of white cloth on the collar; and I began to find the eloquent blood mantling in my cheeks and tingling in my ears; but their kindly feelings got the better of a gentle propensity to laugh, and the youngest said—

'*Sie sind gerade zu rechter zeit gekommen.*' When, finding that her German was Hebrew to me, she tried the other tack. '*Vous arrivez a propos, le dejeune est pret.*'

However, I soon found that the moment they were assured that I was in reality an Englishman, they all spoke English, and exceedingly well too. Our meal was finished, and I was standing at the window looking out on a small lawn, where evergreens of the most beautiful kinds were chequered with little round clumps of most luxuriant hollyhocks, and the fruit-trees in the neighbourhood were absolutely bending to the earth under their loads of apples and pears.

Presently my friend came up to me; my curiosity could no longer be restrained. 'Pray, my good sir, what peculiar cause, may I ask, have you for shewing me, an entire stranger to you, all this unexpected kindness? I am fully aware that I have no claim on you.'

'My good boy, you say true; but I have spent the greatest part of my life in London, although a Hamburgher born, and I consider you therefore in the light of a countryman; besides, I will not conceal that your gallant bearing before Davoust riveted my attention, and engaged my good wishes.'

'But how come you to have so much influence with the man—general, I mean?'

'For several reasons,' he replied; 'for those, amongst others, you heard the colonel who has taken the small liberty of turning me out of my own house in Hamburgh, mention last night at supper; but a man like Davoust cannot be judged of by common rules. He has, in short, taken a fancy to me, for which you may thank your stars—although your life has been actually saved by the Prince having burned his fingers. But here comes my father.'

A venerable old man entered the room, leaning on his stick. I was introduced in due form.

'He had breakfasted in his own room,' he said, 'having been ailing, but he could not rest quietly after he heard there was an Englishman, in the house until he had himself welcomed him. * * *

The city lay about four miles distant from us. The whole country about Hamburgh is level, except the right bank below it, of the noble river on which it stands, the Elbe. The house where I was domiciled stood on nearly the highest point of this bank, which gradually sloped down into a swampy hollow, nearly level with the river. It then rose again gently until the swell was crowned with the beautiful town of Altona, and immediately beyond appeared the ramparts and tall spires of the noble city itself.

The morning had been thick and foggy, but as the sun rose, the white mist that had floated over the whole country, gradually concentrated and settled down into the hollow between us and Hamburgh, covering it with an impervious veil, which even extended into the city itself, filling the lower part of it with a dense white bank of fog, which rose so high that the spires alone, with one or two of the most lofty buildings, appeared above the rolling sea of white fleece-like vapour, as if it had been a model of the stronghold, in place of the reality, packed in white wool, so distinct did it appear, diminished as it was in the distance. On the tallest spire of the place, which was now sparkling in the early sunbeams, the French flag, the pestilent *tricolor*, that Upas-tree, waved sluggishly in the faint morning breeze."

[As the party were watching this spectacle, they were startled by the sounds of war. They, however, proceeded to take breakfast, listening meanwhile to the rattle of distant musketry and to the roar of cannon from a hill beyond them.]

Presently the rolling fire slackened, and after a few scattering shots here and there, ceased altogether; but the cannon on the hill still continued to play. We were by this time all standing in a cluster in the porch of the villa, before which stood the tubs with the finny spoil of the fish-pond, [they had just drained] on a small paddock of velvet grass, about forty yards square, separated from the high road by a low ornamental fence of green basket-work, as already mentioned. The firing from the great guns increased, and every now and then I thought I heard a distant sound, as if the reports of the guns above us had been reflected from some precipitous bank.

'I did not know that there was any echo here,' said the youngest girl.

'Alas, Jeanette!' said her brother, 'I fear that is no echo;' and he put his hand to his ear, and listened in breathless suspense. The sound was repeated.

'The Russian cannon replying to those on the hill!' said Mr. ***, with startling energy. 'God help us! it can no longer be an affair of posts; the heads of the Allied columns must be in sight, for the French skirmishers are unquestionably driven in.'

A French officer at this moment rattled past us down the road at speed, and vanished in the hollow, taking the direction of the town. His hat fell off, as his horse swerved a little at the open gate, as he passed. He never stopped to pick it up. Presently a round shot, with a loud ringing and hissing sound, pitched over the hill, and knocked one of the fish-tubs close to us to pieces, scattering the poor fish all about the lawn. With the recklessness of a mere boy I dashed out, and was busy picking them up, when Mr. *** called me to come back.

'Let us go in, and await what may befall; I dread what the ty'— Here he prudently checked himself, remembering no doubt, 'that a bird of the air might carry the matter'— 'I dread what *he* may do, if they are really investing the place. At any rate, here, in the very arena where the struggle will doubtless be fiercest, we cannot abide. So go, my dear sisters, and pack up whatever you may have most valuable, or most necessary. Nay, no tears; and I will attend to our poor old father, and get the carriage ready, if God help me, I dare use it.'

'But where, in the name of all that is fearful, shall we go?' said his second sister. 'Not back to Hamburgh—not to endure another season of such degradation—not to be exposed to the——Oh brother, you saw we all submitted to our fate without a murmur, and laboured cheerfully on the fortifications, when compelled to do so by that inhuman monster Davoust, amidst the ribaldry of a licentious soldiery, merely because poor Janette had helped to embroider a standard for the brave Hanseatic Legion—you know how we bore this'—here the sweet girl held out her delicate hands, galled by actual and unwonted labour—'and many other indignities, until that awful night, when—No, brother, *we* shall await the arrival of the Russians, even should we see our once happy home converted into a field of battle; but into the city *we* shall *not* go.'

'Be it so, then, my dearest sister. Wilhelm, put up the *stuhl wagen*.'

He had scarcely returned into the breakfast-room, when the door opened, and the very handsome young officer, the aide-de-camp of the Prince, whom I had seen the night I was carried before Davoust, entered, splashed up to the eyes, and much heated and excited. I noticed blood on the hilt of his sword. His orderly sat on his foaming steed, right opposite where I stood, wiping his bloody sabre on his horse's mane. The women grew pale; but still they had presence of mind enough to do the honours with self-possession. The stranger wished us a good morning; and on being asked to sit down to breakfast, he unbuckled his sword, threw it from him with a clash on the floor, and then, with all the grace in the world, addressed himself to discuss the *comestibles*. He tried a slight approach to jesting now and then; but seeing the heaviness of heart which prevailed amongst the women, he, with the good-breeding of a man of the world, forbore to press his attentions.

Breakfast being finished, and the ladies having retired, he rose, buckled on his sword again, drew on his gloves, and taking his hat in his hand, he advanced to the window, and desired his men 'to fall in.'

'Men—what men?' said poor Mr. ***.

'Why, the Marshal has had a company of *sapeurs* for these three days back in the adjoining village—they are now here.'

'Here!' exclaimed ***; 'what do the sappers *here*?' Two of the soldiers carried slow matches in their hands, while their muskets were slung at their backs. 'There is no mine to be sprung here?'

The young officer heard him with great politeness, but declined giving any answer. The next moment he turned towards the ladies, and was making himself as agreeable as time and circumstances would admit, when a shot came crashing through the roof, broke down the ceiling, and knocking the flue of the stove to pieces, rebounded from the wall, and rolled harmlessly beneath the table. He was the only person who did not start, or evince any dread. He merely cast his eyes upward and smiled. He then turned to poor ***, who stood quite collected, but very pale, near where the stove had stood, and held out his hand to him.

'On my honour,' said the young soldier, 'it grieves me to the very heart; but I must obey my orders. It is no longer an affair of posts; the enemy is pressing on us in force. The Allied columns are in sight; their cannon-shot have but now penetrated your roof; we have but driven in their pickets; very soon they will be here; and in the event of their advance, my orders are to burn down this house and the neighbouring village.'

A sudden flush rushed into Mr. ***'s face. 'Indeed! does the Prince really'——

The young officer bowed, and with something more of sternness in his manner than he had yet used, he said, 'Mr. ***, I duly appreciate your situation, and respect your feelings; but the Prince of Eckmuhl is my superior officer, and under other circumstances'—Here he slightly touched the hilt of his sword.

'For myself I don't care,' said ***; 'but what is to become of my poor sisters?'

'They must proceed to Hamburgh.'

'Very well—let me order the *stuhl wagen*, and give us, at all events, half an hour to move our valuables.'

'Certainly,' said the young officer; 'and I will myself see you safe into the city.'

Who says that eels cannot be made used to skinning? The poor girls continued their little preparations with an alacrity and presence of mind that truly surprised me. There was neither screaming nor fainting, and by the time the carriage was at the door, they, with two female domestics, were ready to mount. I cannot better describe their vehicle, than by comparing it to a canoe mounted on four wheels, connected by a long perch, with a coach-box at the bow, and three gig bodies hung athwart ships, or slung inside of the canoe, by leather thongs. At the moment we were starting, Mr. *** came close to me and whispered, 'Do you think your ship will still be in the river?'

I answered that I made no doubt she was.

'But even if she be not,' said he, 'the Holstein bank is open to us. Anywhere but Hamburgh *now*.' And the scalding tears ran down his cheeks.

At this moment there was a bustle on the hill top, and presently the artillery began once more to play, while the musketry breezed up again in the distance. A mounted bugler rode half way down the hill, and sounded the *recall*. The young officer hesitated. The man waved his hand, and blew the *advance*.

'It must be for us—answer it.' His bugle did so. 'Bring the pitch, men—the flax—so now—break the windows, and let the air in—set the house on fire; and, Sergeant Guido, remain to prevent it being extinguished—I shall fire the village as we pass through.'

He gave the word to face about, and desiring the men to follow at the same swinging run with which the whole of the infantry had originally advanced, he spurred his horse against the hill, and soon disappeared. * * *

Away we trundled, until coming to a cross-road, we turned down towards the river, and at the angle we could see thicks wreaths of smoke curling up into the air, shewing that the barbarous order had been but too effectually fulfilled. * * *

The driver of the *stuhl wagen* skulled along, until we arrived at the beautiful, when a mile off, but the beastly, when close to, village of Blankenese. * *

When the *volture* stopped in the village, there seemed to be a *nonplusation*, to coin a word for the *nonce*, between my friend and his sisters. They said something very sharp, and with a degree of determination that startled me. He gave no answer. Presently the Amazonian attack was renewed.

'We *shall* go on board,' said they.

'Very well,' said he; 'but have patience, have patience.'

'No, no; *Wann wird man sich einschiffen mussen?*'

By this time we were in the heart of the village, and surrounded with a whole lot, forty at least, of Blankenese boatmen. We were not long in selecting one of the fleetest-looking of those very fleet boats, when we all trundled on board, and I now witnessed what struck me as an awful sign of the times. The very coachman of the *stuhl wagen*, after conversing a moment with his master, returned to his team, tied the legs of the poor creatures as they stood, and then with a sharp knife cut their jugular veins through and through on the right side, having previously reined them up sharp to the left, so that, before starting, we could see three of the team, which consisted of four superb bays when we started, level with the soil and dead; the near wheeler only holding out on his fore-legs.

We shoved off at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and after having twice been driven into creeks on the Holstein shore by bad weather, we arrived about two next morning safely on board the Torch, which immediately got under weigh for England.

THE WONDROUS TALE OF ALROY.

[*Second Notice.*]

"This production, with many beauties not unworthy of the talents and literary reputation of the younger D'Israeli, seems to be an experiment on the English language and composition, and, in our opinion, not likely to be a successful one, or to lead to future imitation. It is, indeed, neither prose nor verse, neither rhyme nor rhythm, neither Ossian nor the translation of serious opera, neither connected narrative nor the oracles of somnambulism,—but apparently a mixture, partaking of all these styles and manners, and telling a tale of no human interest. From first to last, the reader cares nothing for the hero, or for any of his contemporaries; the wonders are too visionary to create either surprise or concern; and as the actors "come like shadows, so depart," we finally close the volume with a feeling of dissatisfaction, strong in proportion to the weakness of the impressions made upon us by a waste of powers, surely capable of better things.

Alroy is the last Prince of the Captivity, an enthusiast who obtains the magical sceptre of Solomon, raises the sacred standard of Israel, and conquers the East, at some early period of history. He marries the daughter of the Caliph of Bagdad, offends the theocracy and the Jews who adhere to the ancient laws, is conspired against, betrayed, and brought to judgment by his Turkish conquerors. His sister Miriam, Jabaster a cabalist, Honian an oriental Epicurean philosopher, Adiban a fanatic, Esther a prophetess, and Schirrene his lovely fate, are the other principal characters. The *Talmud* has furnished the raw material, and the author's travels have enabled him to build up the superstructure with sketches of scenery, deserts, ruined cities, costume, individuals of various countries, customs, and modes of expression. From the mass we shall endeavour to disengage such parts as will afford a fair idea of the execution of the whole; and bear witness to the truth of the few remarks we have ventured to offer on a performance which is, if that be a merit, at least new in its fashion, and, like most new things, looks fantastical and odd. But first, let Mr. D'Israeli speak for himself:—

"I never hesitate, although I discard verse, to have recourse to rhythm whenever I consider its introduction desirable, and occasionally even to rhyme. There is no doubt that the style in which I have attempted to write this work is a delicate and difficult instrument for an artist to handle. He must not abuse his freedom. He must alike beware the turgid and the bombastic, the meagre and the mean. He must be easy in his robes of state, and a degree of elegance and dignity must accompany him even in the camp and the market-house. The language must rise gradually with the rising passions of the speakers, and subside in harmonious union with their sinking emotions. With regard to the conduct of this tale, it will speedily be observed to be essentially dramatic. Had, indeed, the drama in this country not been a career encompassed with difficulties, I should have made Alroy the hero of a tragedy. But as, at the present day, this is a mode of composition which for any practical effect is almost impossible, I have made him the hero of a dramatic romance. The author, therefore, seldom interferes in the conduct of the story. He has not considered it his duty to step in between the reader and the beings of his imagination, to develope and dwell upon their feelings, or to account for their characters and actions. He leaves them in general to explain every thing for themselves, substituting, on his part, description for scenery, and occasional bursts of lyric melody for that illustrative music, without which all dramatic representations are imperfect, and which renders the serious opera of the Italians the most effective performance of modern times, and most nearly approaching the exquisite drama of the ancient Greeks."

Alroy's first ambitious aspirations are well illustrated in a conversation with his uncle, who has just paid the Moslemin tribute:—

'Live we like slaves? (argues the elder Hebrew.) Is this hall a servile chamber! These costly carpets, and these rich divans, in what proud harem shall we find their match? I feel not like a slave. My coffers are full of dirhems. Is that slavish? The wealthiest company of the caravan is ever Bostenay's. Is that to be a slave? Walk the bazaar of Bagdad, and you will find my name more potent than the caliph's. Is that a badge of slavery?' 'Uncle, you toil for others.' 'So do we all; so does the bee; yet he is free and happy.' 'At least he has a sting.' 'Which he can use but once; and when he stings ——.' 'He dies, and like a hero. Such a death is sweeter than his honey.'

The moody youth breaks away into solitude; and the style of Ossian, though mixed with other imitative notes, as we have mentioned, will be recognised in his soliloquy, and the ensuing dialogue with his sister.

'My fathers, my heroic fathers! if this feeble arm cannot redeem thy heritage; if the foul boar must still wallow in thy sweet vineyard, Israel, at least I'll not disgrace ye. No! let me perish. The house of David is no more! no more our sacred seed shall lurk and linger, like a blighted thing, in this degenerate earth. If we cannot flourish, why then we'll die!' 'Oh! say not so, my brother!' A voice broke on the air, so soft, so sweet, so wildly musical; it sounded like a holy bell upon a summer day—a holy bell that calls to prayer, and stills each fierce emotion. And softly kneeling at his side, behold a female form! Her face is hid, her lips are pressed against the hand she gently steals. And now she raises up her head, and waits with tender patience for a glance from one who seldom smiles. 'Oh! say not so, my brother!' He turns; he gazes on a face beauteous as a starry night—a starry night in those fair climes where not a cloud is marked in heaven; when all below on earth's so sweet, and all above in air so still, that every passion melts away, and life seems but a fragrant dream. I too have wandered in those lands, and roamed mid Jordan's vocal bowers. Ah! could the nightingale that sang to Syria's rose now sing to me, I'd give the fame of coming years to listen to that lay! He turns—he gazes and he bends; his heart is full, his voice is low. 'Ah, Miriam! the queller of dark spirits! is it thou? Why art thou here?' 'Why am I here? Are you not here? and need I urge a stronger plea? Oh! brother dear, I pray you come and mingle in our festival. Our walls are hung with flowers you love; I culled them by the fountain's side; the holy lamps are trimmed and set, and you must raise their earliest flame. Without the gate my maidens wait, to offer you a robe of state. Then, brother dear, I pray you come and mingle in our festival.'

The concluding paragraphs almost jingle:—

Why am I here?
Art thou not here?
Oh! brother dear!
* * *
Without the gate
My maidens wait,
To offer you a robe of state, &c.

Throughout the book the same style constantly occurs.

[We omit further illustration.]

Part II.—(for another of the novelties of this tale is, that it is not divided into the ancient form of chapters, but into parts, sections of parts, and continuations of parts—a very useless innovation!)—Part II. commences in a similar strain, as follows:

"Speed, fleetly speed, thou courser bold, and track the desert's trackless way. Beneath thee is the boundless earth, above thee is the boundless heaven,—an iron

soil and brazen sky. Speed, swiftly speed, thou courser bold, and track the desert's trackless way!

Not quite a bull, may be, but an extravagance; and, while tracking the trackless way, one might wish to view the viewless wind, or perform some other equally impossible exploit. This vein of exaggeration accompanies almost all the descriptive portions of this flight through the desert.

There is another point in this writing, to which we must express considerable objection. We allude to the very frequent invocation of the Deity, which, though very fit for the Old Testament, and not misplaced in Jewish history, revolts the mind by repetition in a fiction like this.

[Examples need not be given. The next quotation is peculiar, and its commencement very good.]

"'It is written,' said the Rabbi, 'thou shalt have none other God but me.' Now know ye what our father Abraham said when Nimrod ordered him to worship fire? 'Why not water,' answered Abraham, which can put out fire? why not the clouds, which can pour forth water? why not the winds, which can produce clouds? why not God, which can create winds?' A murmur of approbation ascended throughout the congregation. 'Eliezer,' said Zimri, addressing himself to a young Rabbi, 'it is written that he took a rib from Adam when he was asleep. Is God then a robber?' The young Rabbi looked puzzled and cast his eyes on the ground. The congregation was very perplexed, and a little alarmed. 'Is there no answer?' said Zimri. 'Rabbi, said a stranger, a tall, swarthy African pilgrim, standing in a corner, and enveloped in a red mantle, over which a lamp threw a flickering light; 'Rabbi, some robbers broke into my house last night and stole an earthen pipkin, but they left a golden vase in its stead.' 'It is well said, it is well said,' exclaimed the congregation. The applause was loud. 'Learned Zimri continued the African, 'it is written in the Gemara, that there was a youth in Jerusalem who fell in love with a beautiful damsel, and she scorned him. And the youth was so stricken with his passion that he could not speak; but when he beheld her, he looked at her imploringly, and she laughed. And one day the youth, not knowing what to do with himself, went out into the desert; and towards night he returned home, but the gates of the city were shut. And he went down into the valley of Jehosaphat, and entered the tomb of Absalom, and slept; and he dreamed a dream: and next morning he came into the city smiling. And the maiden met him, and she said, 'Is that thou; art though a laugher?' And he answered, 'Behold I, yesterday, being disconsolate, I went out of the city into the desert, and I returned home, and the gates of the city were shut, and I went down into the valley of Jehosaphat, and I entered the tomb of Absalom; and I slept, and I dreamed a dream, and ever since then I have laughed.' And the damsel said, 'Tell me thy dream.' And he answered and said, 'I may not tell my dream only to my wife, for it regards her honour.' And the maiden grew sad and curious, and said, 'I am thy wife, tell me thy dream.' And straightforth they went and were married, and ever after they both laughed.' Now, learned Zimri, what means this tale, an idle jest for a master of the law, yet it is written by the greatest doctor of the captivity?' 'It passeth my comprehension,' said the chief Rabbi. Rabbi Eliezer was silent; the congregation groaned."

[The colloquy of two spirits is added, with the following comment, in the justice of which we concur.]

This appears to our humble apprehension to be wild nonsense; but we have done. The 'Caliph Vathek,' the 'Epicurean,' 'Beckford,' 'Moore,' and still more perhaps Chateaubriand, have not, it is evident, been unread by the author; from whom, not to part in displeasure, we conclude with taking a glass of forbidden wine, and chanting a stave, as sung by a robber in Volume II.'

"Drink, drink, deeply drink,
Never feel, and never think.
What's love? what's fame? a sigh, a smile,
Friendship but a hollow wile.
If you've any thought or woe,
Drown them in the goblet's flow.
Yes! dash them in this brimming cup,
Dash them in, and drink them up.
Drink, drink, deeply drink,
Never feel, and never think."

[Sound doctrine, perhaps, for a robber.]

THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, APRIL 27, 1833.

The fine weather of Sunday last drew from their residences a larger portion of the inhabitants of New York than we are accustomed to see *en promenade* at this period of the year. To a philosophic mind there is not a more interesting sight than a long continuous stream of population on a bright spring day. Even though we may be strangers to every face, yet there is an idea of sociality connected with their appearance that reminds us we are ourselves a link in the great chain of human nature. The merchant with a brow unclouded, and free from the anxiety which has attended him all the week; and the artisan and mechanic, in his "better suit," strolls easily along, wrapt in that "delicious *far-niente*," which is—"by none offended and offending none!"

To Johnson, that deep observer of the intricacies of human life, the animated appearance of a populous city afforded infinite delight, while to his biographer, Fleet street (the Broadway of London) possessed more charms than the vales of Tempe.

Incited by the delightful appearance of the season, the Battery was crowded in the afternoon with bright and happy faces, who had assembled to enjoy the delicious breeze, and the view of one of the finest harbours in the world. In short, in the language of a certain theatrical courtier, "all nature seemed to wear a universal—*smile!*"

The New York Mirror of last week is embellished with a very superior engraving of "Weehawken," by *A. B. Durand*, from a painting by *W. J. Bennett*, and is accompanied by an illustrative sketch which we presume to be from the pen of T. P. Fay, Esq. one of the editors.

We were present last Thursday evening at an exhibition by the scholars of Mr. *De Grand Val.* and were highly delighted with the dancing of the little fairies who united in the ballets. The decorations and arrangements, as well as the style of dancing reflects great credit upon the assiduous teacher.

A PRETTY GIRL AND A GOOD SUPPER.

Mr. John Smith, who gives us a history of his journey on horseback between Philadelphia and Baltimore, in a communication to the *Western Monthly Magazine*, under the title of *Travels of a Student*, has in reserve we think some interesting anecdotes of what fell out "by the way side." After an indifferent dinner, our hero very naturally remarks:

"The romantic images of love and beauty, which had filled my imagination, gave place to voluptuous reflections upon the pains and pleasures of eating. I recalled the joyous feasts and juicy viands of which I had at various periods of my life partaken. My thoughts reverted from rosy maidens to roast meat, and from clip bonnets to chipped beef. A long list of pleasant luncheons, and good solid dinners, arose to my memory. The delightful apparition of a smiling landlady, distributing compliments and coffee, dispensing honied words and fried ham, and spreading gladness around her as she spread her white table-cloth, became pictured vividly upon my glowing fancy. I honored, in anticipation, her culinary skill, and devoured with delight the savory morsels provided by her cheerful *inn-hospitality*. I revelled in imagination upon a voluminous catalogue of dainties, my excursive fancy roving, not

'From grave to gay, from lively to severe,'

but rather, as the reader will naturally believe,

From goose to grouse, from venison to pig.

In short, instead of wondering who I should marry, I wondered what I should get for supper!

In the evening, I stopped at a small but neat tavern. It was a cottage looking affair—a pretty house, painted white, and embowered with shady trees. It had an inviting air of cleanliness and coolness; and exhibited ample evidence of plentiful living. Fat pigs grunted about the door, well fed turkey-cocks strutted over the grass-plat, lazy ducks waddled in a puddle, and scores of modest sleek-looking pullets were trying to pick up an honest living in the yard. The cows had come home to be milked. In addition to all this,

'I knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled,
Above the snug kitchen that *tea time* was near;
And I said, if good eating is found in the world,
A traveller that's hungry might hope for it here.'

Accordingly I dismounted, sent my horse to the stable, and ordered supper. The landlady, a spruce dame, with a light quick step, a piercing eye, and a shrill voice, made her appearance and her best courtesy.

'What would you like to have, sir?' inquired the lady.

'Any thing, good madam—any thing; if it comes soon, and there is enough of it.'

'Would you fancy ham and eggs, or a broiled chicken?'

'A broiled chicken! bless the woman, how she talks! an egg, for a man famished, and perishing with hunger! I beg you not to name such trifles. They provoke appetite, but cannot satisfy it. Why, madam, I could eat an ox roasted whole, or a wagon horse stuffed with a flock of geese.'

'Perhaps, sir, a beefsteak.'

'Now you talk reasonably. Let it be so, if you please. There is solid eating, and much nourishment in a beefsteak. If you think proper to add a few slices of ham, a pair of chickens, and a dozen eggs, very well—but let the chief dependence be a beefsteak, done rare.'

'Did thee say beefsteak?' interrupted a third voice. A traveller who had just ridden up, entered the room. He was a portly man, of sedate demeanour. His round face, clear complexion, and goodly dimensions, exhibited the wholesome effects of good living, and told as plainly as the same fact could have been expressed in the purest English, that their possessor ate good beef, drank excellent Madeira, and did not stint himself with regard to either. He had the staid substantial air of a man of business. His eye was wary, and the muscles of his face composed. One could tell at a glance that he was a well-fed citizen; one who rose early, ate a substantial breakfast, and walked to his counting-house with a punctuality, which nothing but the striking of a state-house clock could excel. There was thrift in his looks; but he was a merry man, with a wrinkle in the corner of his eye, that betrayed a lurking propensity for a sly joke. His dress was plain, such as denoted a reputable member of the Society of Friends.

'There was no guile within his breast,
No ruffles on his shirt.'

'Did thee say beef-steak?' said the stranger, who caught these words as he entered, 'I like thy choice, friend, and if there be no objection, I will join thee.'

I acceded cheerfully to this proposition, and in a short time we were comfortably seated at a board amply spread with good things, in the midst of which smoked that delectable dish, so savory to the palate of a hungry equestrian. Worthy reader, do you love beefsteak? Have you a clear and definite idea of the admirable viand, which is characterized by that homely name? Have you an exquisite sense of the rich and luscious delicacy of a steak done exactly to a turn? Can you close your eyes to the gross objects of reality which may surround you, and revel in imagination upon this delightful dish? Can you fancy it smoking on the table, rich and *rare* as a pearl of the ocean, swimming in red gravy, and filling the atmosphere with an odor more grateful to a person of *taste*, than the spicy breezes of Arabia, more inviting to a person of elegant and refined appetite, than the fabled delicacies of an oriental feast? Behold then, the notable Mrs. Cleverly, clothed in all the dignified benevolence of mistress of a feast:

'Rich and rare were the steaks she bore,
And a snow-white cap on her head she wore.
And oh! her beauty could not compare
With her snowy cap, and her beef so rare!'

But I dare not trust myself farther on this subject. Enough said. The intelligent reader will understand that the travellers had good appetites, that the supper was excellent, and that the hostess was the very phœnix of notable landladies; the sequel is left to his own good sense and experience. * * *

The incident above stated, opened the way to a cordial intercourse between myself and the worthy quaker. The remarkable coincidence of taste and appetite, exhibited on the eventful evening of our first acquaintance induced a mutual feeling of profound respect. However we might differ in age, in religion, in politics, there was one point in respect to which our sentiments held a parallel course. We were Philadelphians, and knew how to relish a good beefsteak. It was therefore with mutual pleasure that we learned that we should both travel the same road, for at least another day, and the proposition to travel together was cheerfully made, and as cheerfully accepted. I have seldom spent a more agreeable day. My new acquaintance was not only a man of general information, but was intimately acquainted with the tract of country through which we rode, could point out all its local peculiarities, and could narrate the historical events connected with it. I was much interested, and of course a good listener; and so we jogged on, mutually pleased. The truth was, that although not personally acquainted with each other, we were from the same city, and when we had mentioned our names to each other, we were not altogether strangers.

As evening approached, my companion said, 'Well, young friend, would thee like me to take thee to good quarters to-night.'

'I should be glad to place myself under your guidance. Do you know of a good house that we can stop at?'

'That I do; one that I can recommend.'

'Do they cook well there?'

'Excellently.'

'And are the beds neat?'

'As nice as the hands of quaker girls can make them.'

'Then the tavern-keeper is a Friend.'

'Even so—a she Friend—a widow, with a house full of maiden sisters; a rare lot of old maids as you shall see in a summer's day. I have not seen them for many years, but I know all that concerns thee, namely, that they keep a good house, and will entertain thee well.'

So we talked and travelled, until my companion, turning into a shady lane, which led up to a house of plain exterior, but ample dimensions, exclaimed—'here is our stopping-place.'

'This is a private dwelling,' said I, checking my horse.

'They never refused to entertain *me*,' replied my friend.

'Perhaps they are friends of yours.'

'The landlady is certainly a *friend*,' said the quaker, slyly, 'but she neither bakes nor brews any the worse for that. Come, thee promised I should guide thee. I answer for it, thee shall have good lodgings.'

By this time we were at the door, and not knowing what to do or say, I followed the example of my companion, and dismounted. A thickly shaded green separated us from the mansion, which had the appearance of an old fashioned farm-house. Rows of large trees stood thick around it, and clusters of vines and flowering shrubs were tastefully scattered about in every direction. We were now standing in full view of the windows, and no sooner had we turned our faces towards the house, than a train of females issued from the front door—first, the widow, then the five maiden sisters, then a slim girl, who brought up the rear. 'Dear brother!' 'dear Jeremiah!' exclaimed the female train, as they gathered round the portly quaker, each in turn embracing him in the most affectionate manner. Then taking his oldest sister by the hand, he turned towards me, and said, 'sister, this is my oldest son Nicodemus!' No sooner was this annunciation made, than the widow advanced towards me with every demonstration of joy and surprise, clasped me in her arms, and kissed me with the most eager affection. Then followed the vestal train, each of whom placed her withered hand in mine, laid her cold lips to my burning cheek, and honored me with a kiss as pure and as cold as an icicle. Last of all, a blooming girl, all loveliness and beauty, who had timidly lingered in the rear, while she supposed herself in the presence of a stranger, no sooner learned that I was her 'cousin Nicodemus,' than she ran into my arms. I pressed her soft hand and her warm lip, and felt quite willing to play the character, into which I had been thus oddly cast, as long as might suit the convenience of my friend, the quaker.

We had no sooner entered the hospitable mansion, than a critical survey was commenced of my stature, features, hair, eyes, &c. in all of which particulars it was generally agreed that I bore a remarkable resemblance to *my father*, or some other of my newly found progenitors. Many profound remarks were made upon the fidelity with which the family expression was conveyed from one generation to another, and all declared that they would have known me wherever they had met me. I began to feel vexed, and wished the quaker at Jericho.

A KISS IN THE DARK.

Kissing is one of the delightful accompaniments of *courting*, but in this instance, as the story is told by the Lynn Messenger, the *first* kiss given at random was more decided in its effects, than hundreds frequently are when there is light upon the subject.

"The following anecdote is related of a highly respectable and talented clergyman now preaching in this vicinity. It appears he had been settled some time and had got pretty well along in years, when he became conscious that in reference to worldly matters there yet remained one thing needful to give him that weight of character which it was desirable he should possess, and also to enhance if not to perfect his earthly felicity, viz. a help meet. Immediately on the reception of this idea, he began anxiously to look about; but having neglected the important matter so long, as might have been expected he had imbibed many of those strange and unaccountable notions, so peculiar to the single blessedness of either sex after they have attained a certain age; and these operated to his disadvantage in such wise that he found it extremely difficult to select one at whose side he thought he could without any 'fearful forebodings,' stand before the altar of Hymen.

Now it became known to the damsels about here, that Mr. —— was thus circumstanced and many there were who would fain have relieved his embarrassment. Some joined his church; and many more were seen to blush like the first rose of summer, if, in the progress of his dispensations from the pulpit he should drop his eye toward the pew in which they were seated—though of course they dared not acknowledge even to themselves any thing in particular, because of the great doubt relative to the vice versa of the case.

But to make a short story shorter:—Travelling into town one night about dusk, parson —— had occasion to call at the mansion of an esteemed parishioner who, among other possessions, had two or three as fine daughters as ever graced the county of Essex. He had scarcely knocked at the door, when it was hastily opened by one of those blooming maidens who as quick as thought threw her arms around his neck and before he had time to say 'O, don't' brought her warm delicate lips to his cheek, and gave him as sweet a kiss ever heart of swain desired. In utter astonishment the worthy divine was endeavoring to stammer out something, when—, 'O, mercy, mercy, Mr. ——, is this you?' exclaimed the damsel, 'why I thought as much as could be it was my brother Henry.' 'Pshaw, pshaw,' thought the celibate, 'you didn't think any such thing.' But taking her hand he said, in a forgiving tone, 'there is no harm done; don't give yourself any uneasiness—though

you ought to be a little more careful.' After this gentle reproof he was ushered into the parlor by the maiden who as she came to the light could not conceal the deep blush that glowed on her cheek—and the bouquet that was pinned upon her bosom (for all this happened in summer) shook like a flower garden in an earthquake. And when he rose to depart it somehow fell to her lot to wait upon him to the door and it may be added that in the entry they held discourse together for some minutes—on what subject is not for us to say.

As the warm hearted pastor plodded homeward he argued with himself in this wise: 'If Miss —— knew it to be me who knocked at the door, and I verily believe she did, else how should she know me in the dark before I had time to speak? And is it probable that her brother would knock before entering? she must be desperately in—Pshaw! pshaw!—But supposing she did think me to be her brother? why if she loves a brother at that rate how much she must love a husband—for, by the great squash, I never felt such a kiss in my life.'

We have only to add—it was not long after this that Mr. —— had occasion to summon a brother in the ministry to the performance of one of the most solemn as well as pleasing duties attached to the sacred office and the lovely Miss —— above spoken of, thereupon became *Mrs.* ——; whom we doubt not many of our readers well know, though perhaps they never before read the above anecdote."

The *steamboats* on the *Hudson River* have been, generally, we believe, put in fine order for the accommodation of passengers. We have, however, been particularly attracted by the extensive alterations and improvements of the *De Witt Clinton*, a vessel of the largest size, always pleasant and convenient, but now unsurpassed in elegance and comfort. This splendid boat, which has been fitted up under the direction of Captain Geo. E. Seymour, by whom she is commanded, commenced her trips on Friday evening last, and will run throughout the season as a night boat. We will not undertake a description, but recommend it to our friends to make a trip in her, when they will not only have an opportunity of seeing for themselves, but of receiving the most courteous attention from her gentlemanly and experienced commander.

The publishers of this journal, anxious to preserve its handsome typography by procuring entire new type, will dispose of that with which it is now printed, being about 700lbs. Brevier on Bourgeois body, 250 lbs. Brevier, 200lbs. Bourgeois, and 100lbs. Minion, at the very low price of *twenty five cents* per lb. cash, or a good note at six months, with the interest added. The fonts will be sold separately if wished.

*** Those of our subscribers who intend to change their residence on the 1st May, are requested to give early notice at the office, 205 Broadway—stating from whence removed, and the place to which the paper is to be sent in future.

THE DRAMA.

PARK.—The new opera of the Magic Flute has been several times repeated, and with increased success. The music of Mozart is most efficiently executed, but, with deference to the judgment of Mr. Horn, we would suggest that the rests and some of the symphonies from their length, have a tendency to weary the attention of the audience. In all other particulars we believe the opera to be perfect, and destined, to use a theatrical phrase, to enjoy "a run."

Corent Garden.—The new farce of the *Kentuckian*, by Mr. Bernard, was admirably acted on the first night, and has been gradually rising in popularity ever since. When Mr. Hackett appeared at Drury Lane, we stated the highly favourable impression made upon us by that display of his talent; but there was what the blackguards of the prize-ring call a cross in the business; and the performer, excellent as were his delineations of character, was seen at that theatre no more. Its rival has now afforded him an opportunity of shewing of what stuff he was made; and he has fully justified our expectations. The Kentuck, the Gascon of the United States, is a very peculiar and amusing being; and most naturally and laughably does Mr. Hackett exhibit his peculiarities. The colouring is not overcharged, though replete with tone; and the humour is possessed of a quiet force which must be seen to be felt. The part is dressed well, looked well, and performed well; and we only wish we could give our readers any idea of the drollery of some *specimens of Kentuck*, so admirably delivered by Mr. Hackett, with the emphasis regularly imposed in the wrong place. Mrs. Gibbs plays a sort of Mrs. Trollope with her wonted discrimination and skill. Miss Lee had little to do; but looked lovely enough for the heroine of any country, in the old world or the new; and Forrester, Dorscet, F. Mathews, and Turnour (a free black waiter), filled up the measure of a very original and entertaining farce.

PAYING FOR A TOOTH.

A few days ago, a tall overgrown lubber of a Jonathan just from the bush, came into town to have a front tooth set into his jaw, to supply the place of one he lost winter in consequence of a severe kick in his face by an unruly horse; for said he, "Jemima Patch will never consent to marry me until I can shew her a full set of teeth, at least from one corner of my mouth to the other.' Jonathan drove up split to the Farmer's Hotel in Court Street, ordered his horse to be taken care of, and inquired for a dentist, whose shop happened to be near by, and bolted in. "They tell us how you can set teeth, don't you?" Yes, sir.—"Wal, I've got a tooth gone here in my upper jaw and I wants you to put in another; for you see I and Jemima are going to get married week after next if nothing happens more than we knows on. How much shall you charge for the job?—Why that depends, sir, upon the kind of tooth you will have in. We have calves' teeth, sheeps's teeth, elephant teeth, and the teeth of the Hippopotamus or sea horse, and you can take your choice. Here the dentist presented different specimens of teeth, some of which were two or three feet long.

"Wall ye see I'll be darnation if I'll have such plaguy things as them in my mouth, I know. I'd as soon have an iron wedge or a handspike; so if that's what you're up to I'll be off, and Jemima Patch may take me as I am or whistle for a husband for all what I care." "Well, but stop, sir, said the dentist, these teeth are in their rude state, just as they are taken from the animal they belong to. I do not intend to put them in as you now see them. I will assure you that I can fix them so that their size and shape shall exactly fit: otherwise, no pay."

This assurance being given by the dentist, Jonathan concluded to try a section from the hippopotamus; so he set down and endured with much patience the rough handling of the dentist for two hours and a half. After the tedious process was over, he got up, and went to the glass, and with a complacent smile manifested his entire satisfaction of the operation he had submitted to. He walked to and fro across the room some half a dozen times, put on his hat and made for the door. The dentist now thought it time for him to secure his fee, and told the fellow he might pay him two dollars. 'No, that I wont by a darn'd sight. Jemima Patch is to pay for this tooth—that's the bargain she and I made—and if she don't come up to her word, she and I are two—that's true as preaching;" and off he went without further ceremony.—*Portsmouth Herald.*

THE OLD BACHELOR.

Not a laugh was there, nor a sign of a smile,
As our friend to the bridal was hurried;
We thought of the pain he would suffer the while,
For he looked so confoundedly flurried.

We saw him stand up, and we pitied him too,
As the parson the dead knot was tying;
He trembled so much, and his phiz was so blue,
That we feared the poor fellow was dying.

We escorted him home that bright summer's eve,
When pale from his bridal returning—
We spoke but few words, and most sorely did grieve,
A bachelor had no more discerning.

The fellow's mad as the devil, we said,
He knew that we said it in sorrow—
We cheered him, but sighed to think that his head
Would woefully ache on the morrow.

And who would have thought that one like him,
So shy of the girls had we found him,
Would ever have had his eye sight so dim
As to fall in the noose that bound him!

'Twas sad to us all as sadness could be,
That advice in vain we'd been giving,
That instead of confined he might have been free
At this moment, in singleness living.

We cheered the poor fellow as well as we could,
And though he was surely repenting;
But now 'twas too late—he could not, if he would,
So he gave up all thought of relenting.

We carried him home, and put him to rest,
And the tears fell fast as we did it;
A tear fell from him, we know 'twas no jest,
Though he thought that his sad smile hid it.

And sadly he talked of blessedness gone—
How each bachelor would now upbraid him;
He said he cared not, so they'd let him sleep on,
'Neath the counterpane just as we laid him.

Slowly and sadly we all walked down
From his room in the uppermost story;
We vowed that his case should ne'er be our own,
Whom we left, *not alone*, in his glory.

Boston Traveller.

SHAKESPEARE.—He may be stiled the oracle of nature. He speaks science without learning and writes the language of the present times.—*Sterne's Koran.*

SAILORS ON HORSEBACK.

"The harbour of Malta is one of the most secure in the world, and the island itself far from a disagreeable residence. The interior has some beautiful spots, such as the Boschetta, the gardens of St. Antonio, and the rising ground on which the Civita Vecchia stands. This last place is the general resort of the navy, as it is seven miles from Valetta, quite out of sight of the captain, and affords recreation in the shape of a ride:—"set a sailor on horseback, and he will ride to the devil;" that is not exactly true at Malta: he will ride no doubt, but not quite so far. A Maltese horse is just as stubborn as his owner, at least when a sailor is on his back. There is a stand of these animals at the corner of the Strada Mezzodi; and one in particular, a gray with a long tail and mane, was generally in attendance on Sunday, that being the day on which Jack is allowed to get drunk, and be put in the guard-house. Sailors are fond of riding, and consequently, after taking a glass of Rosoli, (called by them, "roll your soul out,") and washing it down with a strong glass of punch, they repaired to the stand of horses, properly screwed up to face the animals. The gallant gray was always first favourite, and a little increase of price was put upon him, on account, I suppose, of the accommodation of the long mane, which to Jack was a *main-stay:* it stood as quiet and as harmless as a Boulogne donkey; an animal, from constant usage, never known to kick. The horse at Malta is paid for in advance, generally a dollar for a day's ride; and so quiet is the creature while his master is near, that a child or a sailor might fearlessly mount him. All hands mount at once, and stick their bended knees into the horses' sides, riding as short in the stirrups as a Mameluke or a Cossack. They generally commence operations by flourishing a thick stick, and crying out, "Make sail, lads," let it fall rather heavily on the horse. This is a mutual signal for war: off they go one after the other at full gallop, keeping in a line, like what they are, a flock of wild geese. The white horse always took the lead, his long tail being called the tow-rope, to which the rider pointed, as a hint that he would assist the others. The speed gradually increased until the cavalcade neared the St. Antonio gardens, a distance of about three miles, when the gray would stop short, pitch his rider over the bows, turn short round, and trot home again. It was quite in vain to attempt to mount him, even if you stopped him; he would kick and fling, bite and snort, and throw the whole convoy into disorder, not one of which would go on after he turned; but all in imitation of the commodore would pitch and toss, and swerve and kick, until a general forcible dismounting would take place, the horses run home, and Jack be *left* to what he could manage better, his own legs. By the time they were half-way home, they would meet another convoy on their own horses, going to be kicked off at the same spot, and would be overtaken by the returning animals before they arrived. The coolness of the Maltese on these occasions is truly laughable: they point to the horses, and tell the sailors to ride them if they like; but the instant they approach, the horses manifest their displeasure, and the scene ends by Jack losing his money, and his ride in the bargain.

I have been an eye-witness to the tricks of the gray three times, and once it nearly ended fatally; a midshipman, a messmate of mine, not being able to get a horse from the more respectable letters-out of quadrupeds, unfortunately mounted the gray: he went with us very well to Civita Vecchia. Returning, however, was another concern. The midshipman, finding him showing a great disposition to dance, and thinking his stirrups too long, placed his feet in the leathers. When horse and man arrived at the old corner, the animal flew off at a gallop, dismounted my companion, whose legs were retained in the stirrups, and scampered towards Valetta, at every step kicking my poor friend up as high as his tail; and finishing the business by kicking down the throat every tooth but six of the poor youngster's.

I never shall forget that cursed gray horse if I live for the time a Spaniard wishes you invariably to live—namely, one thousand years. I took special good care never to try my skill upon him; for I doubt if Kirsha the Cossack could have mastered the scientific brute.'

ANECDOTE OF CURRAN.—"The most severe retort Mr. Curran ever experienced was from Sir Boyle Roche, the celebrated member of the Irish parliament (who, a gentleman, and a good-hearted person, could scarcely speak a sentence without making a blunder). In a debate where Mr. Curran had made a very strong speech against sinecure offices, he was very tartly replied to by Sir Hercules Langrish. Curran, nettled at some observation, started up, and warmly exclaimed, 'I would have the baronet to know, that I am the guardian of my own honour.' Sir Boyle instantly rejoined, 'Then the gentleman has got a very pretty sinecure employment of it, and so has been speaking all night on the wrong side of the question."

Dramatic Authors.—Mr. E. Lytton Bulwer has obtained leave to bring in a bill for the better protection of dramatic authors; it might have been for their protection, without the "better," for at present they have no protection at all. The same honourable member, whose exertions are so likely to benefit the literature he adorns, has also obtained leave to bring in a bill for the better regulation of the laws regulating dramatic performances. To give the lord chamberlain, instead of magistrates, the control of a circle of twenty miles round London, to proportion the licenser's fees on plays, songs, &c.; and provide that all theatres may be open to act the regular drama.—*Lit. Gaz.*

The Abbotsford Subscription.—Notwithstanding the interference of a general election, and the engrossing interest of political affairs, we rejoice to find that the subscription for the perpetuation of Abbotsford, with its library and museum, the darling objects of the immortal Scott, in his line and name for ever, has been gradually growing to such an amount as to induce the sub committee of management to summon a general meeting for next month, for the purpose of laying a report of their proceedings, and its progress, before them.—*Ib.*

The *Duchess de Berri* expects her confinement to take place in about six weeks. M. Dubois, the accoucheur who attended at the birth of the son of Napoleon, is appointed to be present on the occasion, the Duchess will be allowed to select a second professional man, for her own confidence and satisfaction.

Dry Dock at Charlestown, Ms.—The Dock is 341 feet in length, by 80 in width, and 30 feet deep. It is capable of admitting the largest ship in our Navy—viz. the Pennsylvania: the entrance of the dock being 60 feet across, and the width of that ship being 55 feet. The dock is furnished with two sets of gates called turning gates, weighing 50 tons each. Besides these there is what is denominated the floating gate, which weighs 300 tons, built like a vessel, is 60 feet long, 15 wide, and 30 in height—requiring about 13 feet of water to float it. This is set in a groove outside of the other gates, filled with pig iron, and sunk.

For emptying the dock of water, a powerful hydraulic apparatus is employed, wrought by a steam-engine of 60 horse power. There are 8 lift pumps, each 2 feet 6 inches in diameter, and discharging altogether, at every stroke, 12 hogsheads: there are also 8 chain pumps, 1 foot in diameter. The water is first forced from the dock into the wells, then into a large reservoir, whence it runs into the sea. The weight of the steam engine and machinery is about 122 tons.

The floating gate, which is not yet quite completed, is said to contain timber enough to build a ship of 300 or 400 tons, and some 3 or 4000 dollars' worth of sheathing and bolt copper have already been used upon it. The turning gates, at high water, sustain a pressure equal to about 800 tons. It is expected that the frigate Constitution, "old Ironsides," will be taken into dock in the course of next month.—*Nant. Inq.*

LOBSTERS.—Southey mentions in his Naval History, that "naval war, since the introduction of gunpowder, has affected the lobsters. After a great naval action the fishermen say that those on the adjacent coast are found to have cast their claws, and for a while they forsake those parts." Heavy thunder is said to produce the same effect.

FRENCH ORTHOGRAPHY. The French are noted for their singular perversion of English names; the custom is of old standing, for Froissart used to spell Oxford Acquessuffort.

From the N. Y. Atlas.

MEMOIRS OF THE LOVES OF THE POETS.—*J. & J. Harper.*—These are two very neatly executed little volumes, for which the reader, if he have any taste, or cultivation of fancy, must be grateful. Mrs. Jameson, the authoress, is deservedly classed in the first rank of female writers, and the fame which her other compositions have acquired, will, if we mistake not, be extended by the present work. No one, except a lady, would, we think, have selected such a subject, or could have treated it in a becoming style. Mrs. J., however, uniting masculine power with feminine tact and delicacy, has accomplished all that can be sought for in such a composition.

Dismissing in a few paragraphs the poets of antiquity, (whom a want of refinement, consequent on the corruptions of their age, excludes from her notice) Mrs. Jameson begins her task, *con amore*, at the period when Christianity and the institution of chivalry had raised the female sex to their proper station, and made poetry and romance the suitable accompaniments to an exalted object.

From the Loves of the Troubadours we pass to those of the Italian poets, so well known to fame,—Petrarch and his Laura; Dante and Beatrice; and (not to enumerate them all) are made acquainted with the attachments and poetic adorations of Chaucer, Lorenzo de Medici, Ariosto, Spencer, Shakspeare, Sydney, Milton, and others; and in a second volume, find an interesting history of what the authoress denominates "conjugal poetry;" notices of beauties and their poetic admirers, from the days of Charles I. to those of Queen Anne; a chapter on "poetical old bachelors," &c.; concluding with a charming chapter on the "heroines of modern poetry." Lamenting that we have not space to lay before our readers some of the beautiful passages with which the work abounds, we terminate our remarks by quoting a sentence from the writer's just appreciation of the poetic estimate of the sex, at different periods in the history of song—

"We are not, [now] indeed, sublimated into goddesses; but neither is it the fashion to degrade us into the playthings of fopling poets. We seem to have found, at length, our proper level in poetry as in society; and take the place assigned to us as women—

As creatures not too bright or good,
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

CHILDHOOD.

We rouse to laughing from the night,
As conscious of the coming light;
The world is beautiful and new,
The earth is filled with flowers and dew;
Birds loudly sing on wing and spray,
And we more merrily than they.

We gather strength; we run, we leap,
Find joy in every thing—and sleep.
With mirth and health and hope lined in hand,
We take possession of the land;
Life *does* seem a paradise to childish—
What *then* has life to do with death?

A mother's love, her smiles, her tears,
Are worth us in those elysian years;
The secret of final affection sown
In gentle, yet strong hearts are grown;
Love, that in part her love repays,
Her widow'd declining days;
Warmth, light in age's wintry gloom,
Fair scars, sweet blossoms to the tomb.

Then knowledge comes with manhood's noon,
With care and sorrow,—all too soon.
The springs of mystery are unsealed,
Wonder was hidden is revealed;
A common vision is the spring;
The rainbow is a common thing;
The morning and the sunset skies
Are gazed on with familiar eyes;
The reign of wild delight is o'er,
And the bright earth is heaven no more!

R. Howitt.

LIVES OF EMINENT MISSIONARIES.

A second volume of this work, by John Carne, Esq. author of "Letters from the East," &c. has lately been issued in London. We copy parts of a notice of the publication, from one of the journals, and select some examples.

"To the merits of the first volume of this interesting publication our page bore ample testimony; and it is with no small degree of pleasure that we find ourselves called upon to speak in equally high terms of the continuation of the work. Pursuing his plan, the author has here presented us with the lives of eight missionaries; and with accounts of two missions, generally, into Madagascar and Labrador. The former relate to David Zeisberger, the Moravian, who explored America in the middle of last century; to J. T. Vanderkemp and Kicherer, who went to the Cape in 1798; to Claudius Buchanan, whose labours were devoted to India; to Jens Haven, well known for his efforts to convert the natives of Labrador; to Mrs. Anne Judson, led by Buchanan's star to propagate the gospel in Burmah; to David Brainerd, another zealous American missionary; and to William Milne, who made China the theatre of his pious exertions. The variety in these memoirs, arising out of the difference in the countries where the events they describe took place, possesses a charm for every reader, even were amusement the sole object in view; but a far superior enjoyment is created by a sense of the widely extended benefits to our species flowing from the devotedness of virtuous, and enthusiastic, and enduring individuals, to the cause of usefulness and truth.

As we before observed, Mr. Carne comes to his task with the genuine spirit which should fill a writer on such subjects. He has travelled too far, and seen too much of the world and mankind, to be a fanatic; but he has, at the same time, been enabled to acquire or confirm strong opinions, and he has developed them with consistency, devoid alike of sectarian sourness or the pride which apes humility. His style is suited to his subject,—easy and intelligent; and where novel information was to be found, he seems to us to have sought it with diligence, and brought it forward with effect."

'It is sometimes observable, that with men who make their home 'in the wild places of the earth,' to whose burning zeal many nations seem too narrow a limit, there is little susceptibility to the warm affections of our nature, which are quenched in a loftier enthusiasm. Howard traversed all Europe to bring comfort to its dungeons, but was a stern father to his only son. The angelic Lopez left his illustrious family in Spain, and went to Mexico, to the valley of Amajac, to devote his life to the Indians; but never after inquired for his parents or his brothers, because he wished to die to each earthly attachment. It was not thus with Zeisberger, whose way was strewed with many a friendship, deep, romantic, and faithful, as was ever felt by man, and the more enduring, because it was formed in sorrow and persecution. The son of Saul had not so cleaved unto David with 'a love passing that of woman,' but that the latter, encompassed by treachery and death, was thrown helplessly on his protection. And it was not the calumet of peace, his skill in the chase, or the welcome of the knight, that knit the soul of the warrior to the Moravian: he came a fugitive and friendless; his heart-felt appeal was heard; and the chieftain who, had he met him armed in the woods, would have thirsted for his blood, admired his sufferings and endurance; stood in the breach against his adversaries; and, after a time, he loved him! But many had now fallen from his side; some he had followed to the wild burial-place in the forest; others had perished in battle, or at the stake. Of his European companions, several had passed the Atlantic to calmer scenes. Frederic Camerhoff, Pyrlæus, and others, already rested from their labours. His parents slept in the burial-ground at Bethlehem; but ere their eyes were closed by their only son, they had felt the inexpressible joy of seeing him devoted, in his own words, 'soul and body unto the Lord.' His intimacy with Spangenberg, and the admirable Camerhoff, had been cemented in many a pilgrimage: others came in their place, but they were not the *same* in affection or companionship. Men who live in towns and cities, amidst all the stirring excitements and changes of life, find it easy to form fresh intimacies and friendships; but to one who was a denizen of the wild, far from European society, this was a difficult task. * * * * *

Zeisberger lived sixty years among the Indians; and, during the last forty, visited his brethren in the United States but three times. In him the fearlessness and hardihood of the Indian warrior were united with the faith and simplicity of the Christian. When he began to feel the infirmities of age coming upon him, he strove to complete his translations of portions of the Scriptures, and other writings, into the Delaware language. He finished the hymn-book now in use; it consists of hymns of his own translating, and forms a large volume; he left also a valuable Delaware grammar. Gently, and almost unconsciously, old age came on: when he could no longer travel, he visited every home in the settlement, from day to day, with unremitting diligence and affection. But, being visited with total blindness, he rested within his home, and went forth no more. His friends often read to him; and he instructed the younger missionaries. The calamity that had fallen on him, he bore without a murmur: it was a terrible one, even to a man so near the grave. Oh, bitter, bitter is the loss of all the dear and living scenes of nature! The mountain, the lake, the stream, the glorious forest—to see them no more for ever—to see no more the sun rise or set, and his changing hues pass away on the plain. Zeisberger felt the loss above all men: during seventy years his home had been among these scenes; his bed by night, his pilgrimage by day, so that 'they were graven on his heart.' We can fancy how he would love, like the patriarch of old, to sit beside his door at evening, and listen to the rising wind among the woods, and the breaking of the waves on the shore, and feel the last sunbeams on his withered cheek." He died aged eighty-eight, in the winter of 1808. * *

"The natives [of Labrador] were rarely visited by famine, having in general plenty of food; the reindeer, the bear, and the musk-ox, besides the seal and walrus, and the birds which they entrap; the two former are the most esteemed. In summer they often pitch their tents by the side of the lakes, which abound in the country, and being surrounded by rocky hills, have a picturesque appearance, when, in the month of July, the sun rests on them with a dazzling radiance. The heat is then oppressive. Into these lakes the Esquimaux often drive the deer, and then, pursuing them in their canoes, spear them ere they reach the shore. The scene is highly animating, and would be relished even by sportsmen of more refined lands. The exulting cries of the women and children on the bank, or at the tent-doors; the rapid sweep of the canoes after the panting deer, whose noble antlers are seen towering above the surface, while he urges all his speed to escape; then the blow of the spear, and the death struggle. The pastures around these lakes afford excellent feeding for the game, which is found here in herds. It is melancholy to see the snows fall in August, and cover the green pastures, and hang heavy on the scanty fir woods, and at last compel the hunters to leave their favourite grounds. Then the fresh and sweet rivulets, pouring from the hills, are quickly converted into solid ice; the shrill and mournful cries of the birds—sweet sounds to the lonely—are gradually hushed; a dense fog covers mountain and plain; and when it breaks at times, what an awful vista is before the eye! indistinct, moving to and fro in menacing forms, as if the dim spirits of Torngak were there. The sea streams like a lime-kiln; the day perishes fast; and the moon rises, with a sickly lustre,—the only watcher over the buried land! In this death of the senses, the fancy often wanders intensely to some long-lost scene, the bright and beautiful contrast of all that is around—to some forest of wanton verdure, of glades and wild-flower banks, and the melody of birds. Often did the Moravians remember the loved retreats and walks around Hernhurth, or Marienborn; even the ancient oak, the waving corn-field the rank vegetation glorying in the hot hour of noon. These ideal pictures, almost as vivid as if they actually passed before the eye, are an absolute relief and luxury: and the sad dull world, without and within, cannot quell their power. The writer felt this power, when a captive in an Arab camp, in the bosom of a burning valley of sand, where there was no green thing, not even a shrub, or a poor withered tree, to give a mock of life. Close on every side rose dark and rugged precipices, which could not be passed: it was the hold of despair. The sun fell with a dreadful glare on the white sand: and seeking the poor shadow of the rock, he sought to gather an ideal world around; it came at his call—a world that no enemy could take away. Woods of eternal verdure and exquisite gloom; even Crusoe's lonely island, with its groves of orange, sweet fountains, and banks of perfume, became almost embodied in this scene of desolation. The summit is a wide and frightful desert, full of rocks, dry fissures, and ravines, with scarcely a cave to shelter the head 'from the heat by day, or the blast by night.' But this summit looks down on a scene of tantalizing loveliness and plenty; even the plain of Jericho, the deep and cool fountain of Elisha, wildly gushing away—the rich valley that stretches far to the lake of Tiberias—the groves of palm, the noble pastures, covered with flocks! What an aggravation to the anguish of hunger and thirst, was such a scene perpetually before the eye, did not the human nature feel that the contrast heightened the intensity of suffering. This mountain is to Jerusalem the nearest scene answering to the description given of a desolate wilderness."

This digression, and allusion to his own travels, has gratified us so much, that we shall take our leave of Mr. Carne book with the pleasing impression it has made, in the hope that it will produce a similar effect upon our readers, and induce them to consult the original, and derive from it the instruction and improvement it is so well calculated to convey to every well-regulated mind."

FLORETTA:

OR, THE FIRST LOVE OF HENRY IV.

Numerous as have been the versions of this story, we do not remember one more agreeable than that which is annexed:—

"The historical incident, on which the following tale is founded, is related in the Chronicles of Nerac.

At Nerac, a neat little town in the province of Gascony, a great festival was being celebrated, in honour of the visit which Charles IX., king of France, attended by his whole court, was then paying to the court of Navarre.

Amongst the number of those who accompanied the king was young Henry, prince of Bearn, and son of the Queen of Navarre, who had hitherto received his education at the court of Paris. Although only fifteen years of age, he was tall as most other youths at eighteen. He had, as yet scarcely a sign of down on his chin, but his heart was as stout as the sword he carried, and his hands hard and strong, through the laborious work to which he had always accustomed himself. He was rather a wild youth; rode, hunted, fenced, and danced, equal to any at court, and climbed amongst the mountains and rocks like a kid. It was, however, impossible not to like the young prince—he was so amiable, so lively, and so good-natured; and when sometimes a little more extravagant in his behaviour than at others, it required but few word to remind him of his duty, and he became again as quiet as a lamb, which in a youth, heir to a throne, was scarcely to be expected.

The people of Nerac, therefore, took more delight in gazing on the beautiful and innocent Henry than on all the pomp of majesty; their regards were fixed on him who was deserving the highest honours, rather than on him to whom they were paid. The king went about gravely and majestically, seldom condescending to return any of the salutations with which he was greeted, whilst Henry acknowledged them right and left, with a smile; and then in his smile there was so much grace and loveliness, at least such was the unanimous opinion of the maids of Nerac, who were, no doubt, very competent judges in the matter.

It is true that in the retinue of the king were several brave and handsome young men, and amongst others the Duke de Guise, about three years older than the Prince of Bearn. But he was regarded in a friendly manner, merely because he behaved so to others. The young duke was well aware of this, which most probably added to the dislike he already bore to the Queen of Navarre's son. Although they had both been brought up at Paris as playfellows and companions in youth, they had still never been able to agree for any length of time, which the King of France perceiving, and having almost constant employment in settling their little disputes, at length determined they should separate, and that Henry should go to reside with his mother.

Amongst the other amusements on this occasion, shooting with the cross-bow was one, at which the king himself was unhappily very expert. It is well known how, six years afterwards, at the infamous massacre of St. Bartholomew, he shot at the Huguenots, his own subjects. At Nerac, however, the game was certainly a little more harmless—an orange, placed at a proper distonce, having been chosen for the mark.

Whenever kings or princes value themselves upon excelling in a particular art, there are few persons so presumptuous as to be able to surpass them. Not a courtier dared to hit the goldon fruit with the arrow, in order not to deprive the king of the glory, or rather the vain notion of being the best shooter with the cross-bow in the kingdom. The Duke de Guise was also an excellent marksman, but at the same time an excellent courtier. His arrow flew, of course, far from the mark. There were many spectators, both from the palace and the town, who really believed that the king excelled all his courtiers, as his arrow had flown the nearest, and almost grazed the orange. They were, however, as yet ignorant of the manner of shooting, as practised at courts.

Suddenly there was a cry of "Now for the Prince of Bearn!" Young Henry stepped forward with his crow-bow, and taking aim, at one shot split the golden mark exactly in the middle. A murmur of applause arose among the spectators; the ladies, smiling, whispered something into each other's ear: the king looked, however, black, and was little pleased with the skill young Henry had displayed.

According to the rules of the game, the Prince of Bearn wanted to begin again, and have the first aim at the fresh orange that had been stuck up as the mark. This was opposed by Charles, who determined not be deprived of his assumed prerogative, exclaimed, "We must go on in the usual order."—"Certainly," said Henry, "according to the rules of the game." Kings, however, when angry, seldom deign to accustom themselves to any rule. As Henry, notwithstanding, again stepped forward to take aim, he was rudely pushed back by the king; the young prince, naturally impetuous, started back a few paces, and bending the string of his bow, took aim with his arrow at Charles.

His Majesty, dreadfully alarmed, ran away, and sheltered himself behind one of the stoutest of his courtiers, who, fancying the arrow already in his body, cried out "*meurtre!*" at the same time placing his broad hands before his stomach, as if to keep off the deadly weapon. Henry although very much enraged, burst out into a loud laugh, at the sight of the little stout man standing before the king in such a trembling attitude. The maids and women of Nerac, seeing the young prince laugh so lustily, began also to titter; and their example was soon followed by all except the courtiers, who scarcely knew what sort of a face to make up on the occasion. But the king who was as little inclined to laugh as his broad-backed courtier, cried out from behind his refuge-place, in an angry tone, "Bring away the Prince of Bearn." Luckily, however, Lagaucherie, Henry's perceptor, was at hand, who led him away by the arm to the palace.

This little quarrel between Charles and the young prince led, of course, to no serious consequences.—Henry, who was a thoughtless young fellow, was obliged to crave pardon of the king, and the matter was settled.

On the morrow the same company assembled again, to shoot with the cross-bow at the same kind of mark as on the preceding day. All the maids, ladies, and men of Nerac were present, and the number of spectators was much greater than before, in the hopes of again having something to laugh at. The king, however, did not attend this day, but remained, under some pretext or other, at the palace.

This day all the shooters took much better aim than on the preceding day: the good people of Nerac could not at all conceive how they had become so expert in one night. The mark was removed farther, nevertheless all the oranges were soon hit off. The young Duke de Guise in particular distinguished himself by his skill; the last orange that was left having been placed up at the mark, he took aim, and split it in halves.

Henry was very much disappointed at all the oranges being gone, as he had had such a particular wish to have a trial in skill with his young rival. He looked right and left, to try to discover something that would serve as a mark to his arrow, but in vain. At last he descried among the spectators a young girl of about the same age as himself, a perfect model of beauty. She stood there looking on the festive scene in simple attire, with her lovely innocent face half shadowed by her bonnet. Henry hastily went up to the little beauty of Nerac, not that it was her that he wanted as a mark for his arrow, but the rose which she wore at her bosom. Henry asked her for the flower, and blushingly she gave him the image of herself. He hastened with it to the target, and sticking it up as a mark, ran back to the shooting-house.

"Now, duke," exclaimed the prince, panting, "you are the winner, there's another mark for you, and 'tis yours to have the first aim;" at the same time sucking blood from his wounded finger, which he had scratched with a thorn of the rose.

The duke took aim, let fly, and missed. Henry, stepping forward, took aim, and casting a glance over his arm to the side where stood the little beauty, and then another on the rose, let fly, and the arrow pierced the heart of the flower.

"Won," cried Guise. But the young prince, wishing to be convinced of his success, ran up to the target, and drawing the arrow out of the wood, found the pierced rose clinging round it, as to a stalk. He hastened with it to the lovely girl from whom he had stolen the flower, and with a gentle bow offered her the rose and the victorious arrow together.

"Your present has proved very lucky to me," said the prince.

"But your luck has been the ruin of my poor rose," replied the girl, trying at the same time to loosen the flower from the arrow.

"For that I will willingly leave you the guilty dart."

"I have no occasion for it," returned the girl.

"That I believe," replied Henry; "you wound with sharper darts," at the same time steadfastly regarding the beautiful innocent who stood before him. He blushed as well as she, and held his hand involuntarily to his breast, as if to preserve it from some disaster. Unable to utter another word, he bowed, and went back to his companions.

The game was already over; the courtiers returned to the palace, which was situate on the sloping plain on the banks of the Blaize, and the spectators and common people soon after dispersed. The young fair one also went away with the rose at the tip of the arrow, along with her companions, who seemed to be envious of her. She walked, however, quite sorrowfully and silently along, regarding nothing but the pierced rose, and looked as if the heart within her had shared a similar fate.

Henry having arrived at the palace with the rest of the shooters, turned round once more to look at the crowd, which was dispersing in all directions, but without discovering the object of his search.

"And who, pray, is that pretty girl whom I took the rose from just now?" said Henry to one of the noblemen of the queen, his mother.

"She is the daughter of the gardener of the palace," replied the other, "and does equal credit to her father as to herself."

"What's her name then?"

"At present Floretta, but when she's older, Flora."

"Floretta!" exclaimed Henry, scarcely knowing what he was saying, and gave another look round, although conscious that there was nothing there for him to see.

Often had Henry in his lifetime heard the word "love," and how could he well help hearing it in such a court as Paris? But hitherto he had but little un-

derstood its meaning: at present, however, he found not much difficulty in understanding it, and in his after life became more experienced in it than was creditable to his glory. The battles and victories, by which he afterwards gained the throne of France, were not half so difficult to enumerate as his amours. Even at the present day the villagers sing of the beautiful Gabrielle d'Estree, of the charming Henriette d'Entragues, of Jacqueline de Beuill, and of others who twined roses round the thorny life of Henry of France; and yet among all those whom he had ever loved, there was not one like Floretta of Nerac,—not one so beautiful or so lovely, if the degree of loveliness is at all raised by being more worthy of being loved, on account of a true return.

Such was Floretta: together with the rose, her heart had been pierced, and when Henry gave her the dart, her dark and fiery eye cast another into his unguarded breast.

Such was the beginning of the misfortunes of these two children. Neither of them knew what had happened to them. Floretta was buried the live-long day in dreams of the moment when the young prince stood before her with the arrow, and her nights were sleepless. As soon as Henry could get away from the palace, he ran round the garden, viewing all the flowers with the greatest attention, in order to ascertain, by their beauty, whether they had been planted, or even watered by Floretta. To see him there with his arms folded, standing so thoughtfully by the side of the flower-beds, one would have supposed he was about to turn botanist. At another time, when immersed in thought, and wandering up and down between the beds with his eyes fixed on the ground, he might have been taken for some adept searching after the philosopher's stone. Henry, however, was only trying to discover in the gravel paths the footsteps of his beautiful Floretta.

When arrived at the end of the garden, near the spring of La Garenne, a trembling ran through his body as he discerned footsteps which could be no other than hers. It is true, he had as yet not even seen Floretta's feet much less measured them; but then he was possessed of the truest eye and the finest powers of calculation, as he in after life proved on many a battle-field. Following the trace, he at last arrived at a little bridge thrown over the brook of Blaize. On the other side of the streamlet stood a neat little cottage, which he approached, wishing to know who lived in it, but could find no one there to inform him. At last he discovered in one corner of the window his own arrow with the rose still clinging round it. He started back at the sight, and with a panting heart hastened again into the garden.

In the evening he visited the spot again; it was already nearly dark, but Henry's eyesight was keen. At a distance he discovered a girl at the spring of La Garenne, whom, from her size, he took to be no other than Floretta. She drew up a bucket of water, and lifting it on her head, went through the thicket over the little bridge to the cottage.

That evening there was a ball given at the palace, at which the princesses and the ladies of the court were all present; but in the eyes of the young prince there was not one that stepped so prettily as the little gardener-girl, with the bucket on her head. Afterwards, when he arose to dance himself, his looks rested less on his fair partner than at the door where the spectators were standing.

The next morning Henry was up with the lark, and went out with the spade on his shoulder to the spring, which, in his opinion, had too wild and neglected an appearance round about, probably no one ever went there unless to fetch water, as it was so far from the palace. He set about digging a large circle in the green turf around it, and continued at it the whole morning, until the perspiration actually ran from his forehead. At last when tired and thirsty, he went to the spring, and thought no wine ever half so delicious. He then hastened back to the palace, and went up melancholy into his room.

Had he remained there only a quarter of an hour longer, he would have been discovered by Floretta, who came as usual with her bucket. Seeing the circle that had been made round the spring, she said to herself, "Father must have been up very early this morning, or I wonder whether he ordered the men to do this."

When she came home, she mentioned what she had seen to old Lucas, her father, who seemed very much surprised at his having heard nothing about it. He went himself to the spot, and seeing what had been done, exclaimed angrily, "My men have been doing this now without my orders." He had them all brought before him, but each stoutly denied knowing any thing about the matter. Old Lucas shook his head, and as he could not at all conceive who had presumed to meddle with his office of gardener to the court, determined to be on the look-out himself; he watched, therefore, the whole day, but all his watching turned out in vain.

The following morning, the young prince went to the spring again at the same time, and began digging and raking the new beds even; then taking flower-roots from several parts of the garden, where they were too thick, he set them in a circle round the spring. He saw nobody all the time he was at work, and what was worse, no one saw him, at least not the person by whom he wished to be seen; he therefore resolved to make the best of his way back to the palace; the nearest road, however, happened to be a by-way that led past a certain neat little cottage. He cast a glance up at the window, and there discovered the lovely girl. The window was open, and Floretta standing at it, binding the long tresses of her raven-hair round her head. Flowers lay scattered on the window before her, which she had most probably intended for a place in her bonnet, or at her bosom. Henry greeted her at the window, and she returned the salutation; then mounting on a little bench that was before the house, he was nearly as high as Floretta, before whom he now stood quite close to the window.

A beautiful crimson, like a reflection from the morning clouds, instantly spread over her face and alabaster neck. "Shall I assist you in dressing?" said Henry. "What, are you up so early, my young lord?" returned Floretta. Henry did not consider it at all early, and she did not consider she needed any of his assistance. In his opinion, she required no other ornament to set her off than her own charms; and in her opinion he was only laughing at her, which was not at all becoming in him. Henry affirmed he had never spoken more truly in his life, and had never been able to forget her since she gave him the rose, which he regretted ever having returned, as he should have preferred keeping it as a token from her; and she regretted that the flowers then lying before her on the window were bad, but she would readily give him all if he had any wish for them. Henry asserted, whilst putting some of them in his breast, that the worst flowers received their worth from the giver; and she, on the other hand, began to think the flowers looked very pretty, now that he had placed them in his bosom.

Thus were these two thinking, and asserting, and regretting a great many more things, when old Lucas called Floretta into the adjoining room. Bowing with a sweet smile to the young prince, she disappeared. Henry returned to the palace, but with steps so light, that he seemed scarcely to feel the ground under his feet.

When old Lucas went home at mid-day from the garden to dinner, he exclaimed, "I should like to know who it can be that is playing me these tricks; that unknown gardener has been there again this morning, and parted and raked the beds, and actually begun to set some of them with flowers. I went out very early this morning on purpose, but the work was already done, and no one to be seen. I have been waiting there again the whole morning, but to no purpose. I don't know what to make of the matter; it may be, though, that he works at night by moonlight."

When Floretta went, as usual, in the evening to fetch water from the spring, it first occurred to her that the unknown gardener might be no other than the young prince, as it was from that direction she had seen him come to her in the morning to the window.

In the evening, after sunset, when the court had returned from some of the many festivities that were then daily taking place, Henry hastened into the garden to the spring, where he found Floretta's bonnet lying on the ground; he took it up, and, pressing it to his lips, kissed it. He then plucked in the twilight the most beautiful flowers he could find, and fetching from the palace a handsome sky-blue ribbon, twined the flowers in a sort of wreath round her bonnet. He went to old Lucas's cottage, but finding that they were all in bed, and the windows closed, he hung it outside on the shutter.

The next morning Floretta rose much earlier than usual, being determined to find out this midnight gardener, and discover him to her father. There might, however, have been a little curiosity, as well as a little of something else, mixed up with this wish, but which, of course, she mentioned to no one.

Having dressed herself as quietly as possible, she opened the window, when she discovered her bonnet hanging outside, with the wreath around it. Now it first occurred to her that she had left it the previous evening at the spring. She smiled at seeing the flowers and the ribbon, but then all at once making a sorrowful face, "Ah!" sighed she, "*he* must have been up earlier than I was this morning, as he has been here already."

Who it was that she meant by "he," she did not say. She looked at the flowers again, and taking them off, placed them in a jug of clean water; and then rolling up the ribbon, put it by along with her other simple finery: then going to the window, she got out on the little bench that was outside, and jumped to the ground. There was a proper house-door to the cottage, but she was afraid to open that, on account of the possibility of awakening her father.

Having passed the little bridge over the stream, she stopped all at once, hesitating whether to proceed or turn back. "I am certainly too late," thought she to herself; "father says he works only by moon-light; now the moon is gone down, and the sun is on the point of rising. But if he should really happen to be there, what would he think of my coming out so early? he'd suppose that it was on his account, and I should not like him to do that. No, I'll go back for my bucket, and pretend as if going for some water, and then he'll not suspect what I really came for." Such were the thoughts that then occupied Floretta, when she made up her mind to turn back; her resolution, however, was but weak, as she still kept going onwards to the spring.

She was already so near, that she heard the splashing of the water, and saw through the thicket the beds that had been so recently dug. With a tremulous joy she also saw a spade sticking in the earth close by.

"So he himself can't be far off," thought Floretta, "as he has left his things here. Perhaps he's only gone to get some flower roots. I'll hide myself, and watch him." She then went softly behind a coppice of elm, from which she could see unperceived every body that approached to the spring. (*To be concl'd.*)

TALE OF A CONJURER.

For persons who are pleased with the supernatural, we add the following from "Oonagh Lynch," a new London publication.

"Sir Patrick presented some jewels of value to his bride; and when she had admired them and thanked him, he drew forth a small flat ebony case, and said, 'I have yet another gift to make you, of more value, which I would not confound with the trifles you have received: it has been the most esteemed of our possessions for some generations back. It has been given always by the head of our house to his bride, and preserved with the utmost care. There is, added he, smiling, 'some superstitious tale, which I forget, attached to it. I give it you, and shall be really grieved if you lose it.' The case contained a most curious and magnificent rosary of gold and enamel, with precious stones and large pearls interspersed; the workmanship as beautiful as the materials were precious. Anastasia readily promised to preserve it all her life, and caused a cabinet to be constructed, three sides of which were glass, on the fourth the rosary and all the jewels of value she possessed were suspended, and visible though locked up. This cabinet accompanied her in all her journeys. Sir Patrick, previous to the Revolution, had sometimes been intrusted with secret missions to the court of France, where he was always well received, and Lady Lynch, who was very beautiful, much admired. On the last of these occasions they remained some months at Paris; and among the persons who frequented their hotel was a young Italian abbe, who was remarkably clever and agreeable, and made himself extremely useful. He knew where every thing was to be found, and its price; where every body lived, and who they were. He particularly shone when a fete was to be given; he planned the preparations, and saw to their execution,—in short, he began by pleasing, and ended by being necessary. One day Lady Lynch accosted him with an air of anxiety, very unusual to her fair face. 'Ah, Mr. l'abbe,' said she, 'I must confide a circumstance to you which distresses me more than I can describe. My beautiful rosary has been stolen from my cabinet,—see the glass in that side has been broken, and it is gone! I have looked every where, and so has my maid; I cannot learn how it has gone;—and how can I look Sir Patrick in the face? he will be so angry! —He returns from Versailles the day after to-morrow. What shall I do? I do not like to proclaim my loss and apply to the police, in the hope I may find it without Sir Patrick knowing that it ever was missing. What shall I do?' The abbe expressed his satisfaction at her having had recourse to him, and undertook the affair with great readiness, though he had only two days to dedicate to the search; on the third he was to proceed to Italy on affairs of the greatest moment. He assured Lady Lynch that, if her jewels were still in Paris, he thought he should succeed.—Meantime Lady Lynch frequently expressed to her maid the anxiety she felt that the rosary might be recovered. The maid, after many of those broken hints with which persons who are eager yet fear to make a disclosure precede it, at length confessed she knew a man who had on similar occasions served persons in such circumstances, and proposed Lady Lynch should consult him. Anastasia, who was naturally nervous, timid, and imaginative, though fearful, was curious, and resolved to consult the conjuror, if it could be done privately, for she feared the ridicule of her husband and friends. Her maid made the necessary arrangements; and late in the evening Anastasia, dressed in the clothes of her attendant, who accompanied her, proceeded in a hackney coach, through a number of dirty and distant streets, to an obscure house, in a quarter with the appearance of which she was entirely unacquainted. At length they descended from the carriage, which was desired to wait; and the maid guided Lady Lynch through a long narrow alley, terminated by a door, where, after ringing, they waited some time for admission. An aged negro asked whom they wanted; and on the maid replying that they came to speak to Mr. Bontemps, the negro rang another bell, and leaving them for a few moments, returned with a small brass lamp, and preceded them up a gloomy stone staircase, where the dust of ages seemed to have accumulated. Anastasia, as she followed, almost repented her curiosity. They arrived at another door, at which the negro knocked, and they were immediately admitted by a tall man, who asked their commands. There was nothing very remarkable in the appearance of Mr. Bontemps: he was tall and sallow, with a keen bold eye, about fifty years of age, expressing himself in a slow distinct manner, civil and calm. The maid assumed the office of explanation, and told him her friend had lost a rosary of value, and wished him to tell her where to seek it. Mr. Bontemps replied, he should have pleasure in doing so, but there was a preliminary condition to be observed. Anastasia drew forth her purse, and presented him with five louis d'ors. 'Though I accept your ladyship's gift, I shall expect a similar sum if I have the good fortune to serve you upon this occasion,' replied Mr. Bontemps. 'This is not all I exact; you must swear never to reveal to any human being your visit to me, and its result.' Lady Lynch, though rather alarmed and surprised at being called by her title, readily promised never to reveal her visit, and what she should then see, to any human being. 'Though I make no doubt of your sincerity and resolution, madam,' said the conjuror, 'your fidelity to the engagement is of so much importance to me, that I am obliged to make it your interest to preserve your promise inviolate—Should you betray me, eight days and eight nights from the time you do so, you will pay with your life for the indiscretion.' Anastasia willingly, though not without perturbation, agreed to the justice of a punishment which she resolved not to incur. Mr. Bontemps then drew from a small shagreen case a lancet, with which he slightly touched Lady Lynch's hand, and extracted a drop of blood, into which he dipped a pen, and requested she would write the first letter of her baptismal name on a slip of parchment he presented. She did so. He then desired the maid to wait for them, and led Anastasia through a long gloomy passage, hung with spiders' webs of extraordinary dimensions, and only lighted by the lamp he bore, to a very large room. On one side hung a large dark curtain of brown stuff. There was no furniture except a wooden stool, on which he requested the trembling inquirer to seat herself, opposite but at some distance from the curtain. She obeyed; and he then threw some powder and gums on a small brasier of charcoal that was near, but which she had not till then observed. A blue light spread around the apartment, the brasier burnt with a hissing noise, and Mr. Bontemps flourished a long ebony wand round his head, uttering many words in some unknown language. He then drew aside the curtain; and the smoke from the brasier beginning to subside, Lady Lynch beheld, in the mirror, an apartment represented, which contained an Indian cabinet with folding-doors: that on the right hand was open, and she beheld her rosary within it; and her friend the abbe writing at a table, on which were many parcels! She contemplated the scene for several minutes, when the sorcerer again threw some gums on the brasier, and, when the smoke was dissipated, the curtain had fallen. Some moments of silence ensued, when Mr. Bontemps said, 'You have seen, I doubt not, madam, the jewel you seek. I know not the person who sat by, but depend upon my assurance that it is in his possession. You have also seen the place where he has deposited his prize. You must do the rest; and above all, remember your promise: if you fail in your part of the engagement, be certain I shall not forget mine.' As he pronounced these words, the countenance of Mr. Bontemps assumed an expression so sinister, and his voice sounded so hoarse and sepulchral, that Lady Lynch, in much perturbation, reiterated her promise, and departed, after having munificently recompensed the sorcerer, whose presence she rejoiced to quit. She directly ordered the coachman to proceed to the abode of the abbe, which she knew from having frequently addressed notes of invitation, or containing commissions for his performance. On arriving there, she would not suffer herself to be announced, but ran up the stairs, closely following the servant. On the door of the abbe's apartment being opened, she found his chamber precisely similar to that represented by the mirror of Mr. Bontemps! The abbe was sitting at a table covered with packets, and between the windows stood a black Indian cabinet. He rose in some confusion at the unexpected visit with which he was honoured, and with which, at that moment, perhaps he would willingly have dispensed.—Lady Lynch said, that having business in that part of the city, and not choosing to be seen, she had gone out in a hackney coach, which had broken down opposite his door; and that, knowing he lived there, she had determined to come in to ask for a glass of water, and to recover her alarm. There is no knowing what construction the abbe might have put upon this extraordinary proceeding of Lady Lynch, had he not been, from the moment of her entrance, so pre-occupied and embarrassed, that he could with difficulty recollect himself enough to call for water, and offer it with an attempt to express concern for her alarm. Anastasia seated herself on a stool near the cabinet, and after speaking some few moments on indifferent subjects, admired his apartments; and, affecting to laugh, said, looking at the cabinet—'This is, no doubt, the repository for your billets: I shall look at it.' The abbe started, and said the cabinet contained letters only; and was rising from his seat, when Lady Lynch suddenly opened the door, and discovered her rosary in the spot corresponding with that represented in the conjuror's mirror! She took it up, saying—'Oh! what a trick! I suspected you had a mind to frighten me, and really you succeeded. In another day I should have been quite ill with vexation. It was too mischievous of you!' She continued to laugh and reproach him."

Sir Patrick returns home, hears of her mysterious absence, becomes jealous, and she reveals the secret, but with great misgivings.

"In order to distract her attention, he insisted on her accompanying him to a great entertainment, which was to take place that evening at the hotel of the English Ambassador, and she unwillingly prepared to accompany him. In spite of her anxiety, she had never looked more beautiful than when she prepared to descend to her carriage; and Sir Patrick could not resist an exclamation of admiration as he surveyed her appearance, while she paused to open a letter which the servant had just presented. Lady Lynch suddenly uttered a loud shriek, and fainted. In the confusion that ensued, and during the convulsions which she underwent for some hours afterwards, the attendants knew not to what to attribute her strange disorder.—Sir Patrick sought for the letter which she had received at the time, and found only a blank cover, containing a small strip of parchment, on which Anastasia had written the first letter of her baptismal name at the request of the sorcerer! Lady Lynch's complaints did not decrease, though her senses returned. The attendance of the most skilful physicians was of no avail; and though when her agitation subsided, a quickened pulse and feverish excitement were the only symptoms of malady that could be detected, she gradually sank, and on the 8th evening from that on which the explanation took place with Sir Patrick, she

raised her head from the pillow, and pointing to the dial of a clock which stood opposite to the foot of her bed, she sank back and expired!"

PRESENTATION OF PLATE.—It is one thing to write a good speech and another to speak one. This fact was illustrated some years since in a neighbouring county, in which a regiment of yromanry cavalry had resolved on presenting their Colonel with a splendid silver porter jug, through the hands of the the Adjutant. The day of review came on, when the present was to be made—the Colonel had got a hint, and had prepared a splendid oration to return thanks. The Adjutant's presentation speech was to be unsurpassable—the troops were drawn out in line, all eyes were turned towards the Adjutant, as he advanced before the soldiers, holding the glittering gift in his hand, and the Colonel waiting to hear the address of the giver. All ears were intent to hear the reply. Alas! memory in both individuals had proved a treacherous guardian of her treasures. The Adjutant approached, extended his hand, presenting the donation, but all his speech was—'Cornel, there's the jug:' and this was the equally oblivious officer's reply—'Aye, is that the jug?'—*Eng. pap.*

GLEANINGS.

Poole.—It has, it is said, been ascertained, by the recent discovery of some ancient coins, that Poole, not the dramatist, but the town, existed at the time the Romans were in Britain, and was known to them.

Mr. *Audubon* returned to this city yesterday. From him we learn, and it affords us pleasure to state the fact, that within the last six months more than fifty subscribers have been added to his list, for his great American Work on Ornithology.—*Philad. Com. Her.*

We have been pleased to observe, that Mr. A. received the names of several subscribers while on his recent visit to this city.

The Fredericksburgh Va. paper mentions that the corner stone of the *Monument* to be erected to the memory of the *Mother of Washington*, in that vicinity, will be laid on the seventh of May next, and that the President of the United States will be present on the occasion.

The veteran Commodore *Bainbridge* is now in a very critical state of health. He arrived on Tuesday from N. York, attended by his medical friends. His complaint is dropsy.—*Philad. Sent.*

Girard Estate.—On Thursday evening last, the Treasurer of the *Girard Trusts* made his report to the City Councils. He says—"You will find annexed to the account a schedule of the personal property that has been passed to me for the City Corporation by the Executors in the present quarter, the par value of which is $2,088,177 00—and the valuation by the Executors of the same, $2,103,236 67, and there is a large amount of personal property yet to be received."—*Phil. Nat. Gaz.*

Yale College.—The subscription which was set on foot by the friends of Academical Institution, [its alumni] to relieve it from its pecuniary responsibilities, amounts to about $106,000. The largest donors are Israel Munson, Esq. of this city, Gen. Van Rensselaer of Albany and another gentleman of the same city, whose name is unknown. Their subscriptions were $5000 each.—*Boston Atlas.*

Prisons.—We understand that William Crawford, Esq. of London, appointed by the British Government to inquire concerning the Penitentiary System, &c. of the States of this Union, has arrived in Philadelphia; he is accompanied by Henry Newman, Esq. of Worcester, Eng. a member of the Society of Friends, who has been long usefully employed in benevolent labors in Europe.—*Phila. paper.*

It is but a short time since a commission from France visited this country on a like errand.

A most destructive fire occurred at Cumberland, about 130 miles from Baltimore, on the 14th inst., which destroyed 150 houses including all the taverns, and every store but one; the loss is estimated at $262,000, and the distress may be imagined, nearly two-thirds of the inhabitants being houseless. A Committee has been appointed to draft an address to the people of the United States, inviting their aid in behalf of the sufferers.

LAW—*Slander*.—The trial of Joseph Parkins, former Sheriff of London, for slanders uttered against Mrs. Isabella Bond, which has occupied the exclusive attention of the U. S. Circuit Court for three successive days, terminated last evening, when the jury rendered a verdict against him of $6,500 damages, and 6 cents costs. After the testimony had been gone through, Mr. Parkins dispensed with the services of his counsel, and summed up the cause to the jury himself, his speech occupying more than two hours in its delivery. The damages were laid at $10,000.—*Courier, 13th.*

Montreal papers report the arrival of Captain Back and his associates in the *Polar Expedition*. The Herald says—"The reception of these Gentlemen in New-York was of the most gratifying description—a compliment to themselves, to science and philanthropy. The Government of the United States honoured itself also by refusing to receive the Custom's duties on the transit of the articles brought by the expedition through its territories; an act which will be duly appreciated, not only by every subject of the British Crown, but by every lover of science and of his race throughout the world."

The party will proceed as soon as the season is sufficiently advanced.

MARRIED,

In this city, on the 15th, Dr George P Cammann, to Miss Cordelia A., daughter of Jacob Lorillard, Esq.

On the 17th, Mr Andrew Oakes, of Brooklyn, to Miss Ann Maria Cornwell, of this city.

On the 18th, Mr W Pearsall, to Miss Rebecca Irwin.

On the 18th, Mr Horace Whitehorn, of this city, to Miss Deborah Blanchard, of Haverstraw.

On the 18th, Colonel Edward Tillotson, of Farmington, Ct, to Miss Marsetia Brown, of Pittsfield, Mass.

On the 17th, Mr Peter Conover, to Miss Catharine B Raymond.

On the 17th, Mr Solomon T Caswell, to Miss Elizabeth Scrymser.

On the 18th, Rev David R Downer, Pastor of the West Presbyterian Church in this city, to Miss Eliza, daughter of the late Mr Joel Sayre.

On the 17th, Mr James Lorimer Graham, to Miss Julia Matilda, daughter of Charles Graham, Esq.

On the 16th, Mr Peter R Brinckerhoff, to Miss Maria Jeanette Lawrence.

On 15th, Lieut Joseph Ritner, of the U. S. A., to Miss Mary Kyle, of West Point.

On the 18th, Mr Joseph P Chambers, to Miss Harriet Hanson.

On the 15th, Mr Richard Evans, to Miss Harriet Augusta Abell.

On the 14th, Mr Benjamin Donnell, to Miss Sarah Higgins.

On the 16th, by the Rev Dr Bangs, Mr Lemuel Bangs, (of the firm of M'Elrath, Bangs & Herbert) to Miss Sarah Almira Disbrow.

On the 15th, by the Rev Dr T De Witt, Mr Richard De Witt, of Hopewell, Duchess county, to Miss Jane Stoutenburgh, of this city.

On the 20th, Mr John B Smock, to Mrs Ann Abrams.

On the 18th, Lieut. James H Ward, U. S. Navy, of Hartford, Ct, to Miss Sarah Anne Whittemore.

On the 14th, Mr Gilbert Van Horn, to Miss Phalena Coey.

On the 18th, Mr Francis Smith, to Miss Mary A Riley.

On the 18th, Mr James Peach, to Miss Sarah Ann Pennoyer.

At Newburgh, on the 17th, Mr Robert D Hart, of this city, to Miss Cornelia A Sands, of the former place.

In Philadelphia, on the 11th, Mr Edward Peers, to Miss Mary M'Kenzie, of this city.

At Bristol, Pa, on the 20th, James Taylor, Esq., to Miss Caroline Matilda Yates—both of this city.

DIED,

In this city, on the 14th, Mrs Jane A Avery.

On the 19th, Mrs Elizabeth Bates, aged 84.

On the 20th, Mrs Elizabeth Anderson, aged 22.

On the 16th, Mr F Chotin, aged 38.

On the 16th, Mr Jacob Justison, aged 31.

On the 15th, Mrs Eleanor Stevenson, aged 65.

On the 16th, Mr Thomas C Kirk, aged 28.

On the 15th, Mr Robert B Lindley, aged 39.

On the 20th, Mr Henry Wush, aged 70.

On the 16th, Mrs Bridget Banks, aged 42.

On the 15th, Mrs Mary Richardson, aged 69.

On the 15th, Mrs Sarah Taylor, aged 85.

On the 15th, Miss Sarah Bedell.

On the 18th, Mr Hector Morrison, aged 19.

On the 18th, Mrs Sarah Astor, aged 46.

On the 18th, Mrs Hannah A Ferguson, aged 30.

On the 17th, Mrs Catherine Lawson, aged 83.

On the 17th, Mrs Charlotte Jane, wife of Dr J R Knox.

On the 20th, Mrs Augusta Lambert.

On the 20th, Mr James Capron, aged 22.

On the 19th, Mr James Gaffney, aged 36.

Near Somerville, NJ, on the 10th, Gen'l John Frelinghuysen, aged 58.

At Newark, NJ, on the 14th, Mrs Harriet Hedden.

At Durhamville, Oneida county, NY, on the 11th inst, Mr Eber Durham, aged 46. The deceased was a man of much public spirit, and possessed a benevolent and charitable disposition. He was the founder of the flourishing village in which he lived, and as a tribute of respect for his active enterprize, a meeting of its inhabitants was held some years since, when it was unanimously agreed to call the place "Durhamville."

LITERARY GEMS.—The encouragement so extensively afforded to the re-publication of European Literature, and the desire of more generally diffusing the productions of our own writers at a cheap rate, we deem sufficient reasons for presenting this little work to the patronage of the reading public. It will embrace choice selections of Prose and Poetry from the best Literature of the day, interspersed with amusing and instructive tales: and the moderate price at which it will be published will enable all who delight in reading, to purchase the *Literary Gems*.

The price of each number is *two cents*, or four numbers neatly stitched in a cover for *six cents and a quarter*.—*One hundred* numbers will form a volume of this interesting matter, four numbers of which will be issued every week.

Subscriptions are not taken, but any quantity may be purchased, and will be sent out of the city when ordered, and payment accompanies the order in advance.

A liberal discount to Booksellers and wholesale purchasers.

N. B.—No letters received unless *post paid*.

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MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren st. near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description o

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,

in imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable colour and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his

PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR,

highly recommended by many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application. The use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M.D., D. W. Kissam, Jr. M.D., Amaziah Wright, M.D., and John C. Cheeseman, M.D. june 6-ci6m.

DR. F. FRANCIS,
DENTIST,
95 *CHATHAM STREET, NEW YORK.*

CABINET FURNITURE.

F. W. PARROTT, Bridgeport, Ct, offers for sale on reasonable terms, a large assortment of Cabinet Furniture, consisting of Sofas, Sideboards, Bureaus, &c. All orders will be strictly attended to. A248—ac13m

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FINE JOB PRINTING.

EDWARD GRATTAN, *Printer and Stationer*, No. 8 Rector-Street, between Broadway and Greenwich Street, New-York.—Bills-Heads, Receipts, Cards, Circulars, Bills of Lading, Checks, Entries, &c. printed better than generally done and cheaper than at any other office.

Those gentlemen who have heretofore given their orders through Stationers, may save at least 25 and frequently 50 per cent on the workmanship, by applying directly to the subscriber, who during the last five years has done perhaps more printing for Stationers than any other Printer in the city, including the entire Printing for the house of Prior & Dunning. Ap24—ac1

NEW WASHINGTON BATH.
Between the Sixth Avenue and Washington Square.

THE Proprietor of this Bath, encouraged by his numerous and increasing Patrons, has, at a very great expense, built a more commodious Bathing House, adjoining his former one, and which is now open, and fitted-up with every convenience for Gentlemen exclusively; the former Bathing House is reserved for the uses of Ladies only, to which there is a separate and distinct entrance, and to whom every accommodation and attendance will be afforded. He has also added a separate room in front, where he intends keeping a Circulating Library and Reading Room, together with a general assortment of Stationery, &c. No attention will be wanting to make this concern equal, if not superior, to any similar establishment "Down Town," while the well-known salubrity of the village air, and the especial purity and softness of its water, cannot but recommend it to all those who would enjoy the luxury and the health-preserving virtues of the Bath.

Single Tickets, 25 cents; Five Tickets, $1,00; Eight Tickets, $1,50; Twelve Tickets, $2,00; Sixteen Tickets, $2,50; Forty Tickets, $5,00; One Hundred Tickets, (viz. 40 Gentlemen, 40 Ladies, and 20 Children) $10.00.

New York, April 27, 1833. c6m

SYLVESTER'S Office, 130 *Broadway*.

AT the close of the present year, Lotteries in this State will close for ever: prior, however, to this *finale*, a splendid scheme will be drawn every Wednesday in this city. It is well known, that the most wonderful luck has hitherto invariably attended Sylvester—who, in the short space of three months, has sold Two Prizes of $40,000, Two of 30,000, Four of 20,000, One of 10,000, and Hundreds of 1,000: and it was only last week that he actually sold and paid both the $20,000 and $10,000. This speaks for itself, and seems to ensure to those who favour him with their orders, a handsome Prize in return.

Orders by mail, or otherwise, are always promptly attended to, and a liberal discount allowed when a quantity is taken—so do not forget to address your commands to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway.

On Wednesday, May 29, a real *Mammoth* will be drawn. Capitals—$20,000, 10,000, 5,000, 2,000, 100 of 1,000, and many others. Tickets $10, shares in proportion. This is a most noble scheme, and well worthy of attention.

On each Wednesday prior to the above, a lottery will be drawn, full schemes of which are published in the "Reporter," which valuable paper is given and sent gratis to all who deal with Sylvester.

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TERMS—For Board and Tuition for Boys under 12 years of age, $20 per quarter; over 12, $25. No extra charges, except for Books and Stationary.

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Particular information respecting the character of the School, as well as reference to patrons in the city, may be had on application to Messrs. S.C. & S. Lynes, 256 Pearl street. c ins Aprl 5, 1833.

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A MOST splendid assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's *superior* POCKET-BOOKS, CARD-CASES, DRESSING-CASES, WRITING-DESKS, PORTFOLIOS, Porcelain TABLET BOOKS, &c. &c. of the newest possible manufacture, for sale by

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THE attention of the public is invited to a very superior article of AROMATIC SEIDLITZ POWDERS, which upon trial will prove beyond all comparison unequalled by any now in use. The agreeable aromatic quality added to this composition, will in all seasons not only give a pleasant sensation to the most delicate stomach, but entirely prevent that feeling of chilliness so often complained of, when taking preparations of this nature in cold water. In testimony of the superior qualities and effects of the Aromatic Seidlitz Powders, I beg leave to advert to names of some of the most respectable Physicians, as seen on the wrappers of each box.

Sold wholesale and retail, at the subscriber's; and at the Drug Stores of J. B. Dodd, M. Slocum, and P. Dickey, Broadway. J. P. CARROLL,
No. 25 John street.

*** Plain Seidlitz Powders prepared as above.

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TRANSPARENT VARNISH.—White, Copal, and Mastic Varnish—possessing the clearness of water and the consistency of a syrup, which may be used by Cabinet-makers and Sign & Ornamental Painters; for Scraps, Pictures, and Paintings; in all cases with the utmost satisfaction—is offered for sale, wholesale and retail, by DR. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,
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THE Subscribers have now in yard a full supply of the above Coals, all of which have been selected the past season with great care, and are recommended to the public as first rate being inferior to none in this city, and will always be sold at the lowest market price by applying at the Coal Office No 157 Broadway, or at the yard corner of Morris and Washington Streets.

HENRY STOKES, & Co.

N B. Also for sale as above, first quality *Liverpool* and *Peach Orchard Nut Coal*. Feb16—c

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ALL OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH PERFORMED on the most modern, improved, scientific principles, with the least possible pain, and correct professional skill. Gangrene of the teeth removed, and the decaying teeth rendered artificially sound, by stopping with gold, platinum, vegetable paste, metallic paste, silver or tin. Teeth nicely cleaned of salivary calculus, (*tartar*,) hence removing that peculiarly disgusting fetor of the breath. Irregularities in children's teeth prevented, in adults remedied. Teeth extracted with the utmost care and safety, and old stumps, fangs or roots remaining in the sockets, causing ulcers, gum biles, alveolar abscesses, and consequently an unpleasant breath, removed with nicety and ease.

Patent Aromatic Paste Dentrifice, for cleansing, beautifying, and preserving the teeth.

Imperial Compound Chlorine Balsamic Lotion, for hardening, strengthening, restoring, and renovating the gums.

CURE FOR TOOTH-ACHE.

Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, the only Specific ever offered to the public, from which a radical and permaneut cure may be obtained, of that disagreeable, tormenting, excruciating pain, the Tooth-Ache.

The original certificate of the Patentee, from which the following extracts are taken, may be seen at the subscriber's Office, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York.

"The subscriber would respectfully inform the public, that he has communicated a knowledge of the ingredients of which his celebrated Tooth-Ache Drops are pharmaceutically and chemically compounded, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, who will always have a supply of the genuine article on hand, of the subscriber's own preparing. And the subscriber most cordially and earnestly recommends to any and every person afflicted with diseased teeth, or suffering the excruciating torments of the tooth-ache, to call as above, and have the disease eradicated, and the pain forever and entirely removed. This medicine not only cures the tooth-ache, but also arrests the progress of decay in teeth, and where teeth are diseased and decaying, and so extremely sensitive to the touch as not to bear the necessary pressure for stopping or filling, by (say a few days) previous application of this medicine, the teeth may be plugged in the firmest manner, and without pain. As to the cure of the tooth-ache there ever have been and ever will be, sceptics; but to the suffering patient, even one application of this medicine will often give entire relief, as thousands of living witnesses can now testify, and where the medicine is carefully and properly applied, it is believed it will never fail of its intended effect. In conclusion, the subscriber assures the public, that White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops, prepared by himself, Thomas White, the Patentee, can, at all times, in any quantity, be obtained in its utmost purity, of Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York. THOMAS WHITE,
Patentee of Thomas White's Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops."

"New-York, 8th mo. 24th, 1830."

Recommendations at length cannot be expected in the confined limits of a circular; it must therefore suffice to observe, that these drops receive the decided and unqualified approbation of the medical faculty, of eminent scientific individuals, of the public at large; of the *savans* of Europe, among whom may be mentioned Sir Astley Cooper, Professor Bell, Dr. Parr, and many of the nobility of London and Paris.

The subscriber, in his practice as a Dental Surgeon, having extensively used in the cure of the Tooth-Ache, Thomas White's "Vegetable Tooth-Ache Drops," and with decided success, he can recommend it, when genuine, as superior to any other remedy now before the public: If obtained of the subscriber and applied according to the accompanying "Directions for using," *a cure is guarantied*. JONATHAN DODGE,
No. 5 Chambers-street, N. Y.